

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
FIVE HOURS.
A
Tragi-Comedy.

The Second Edition.

Non ego Ventoſæ Plebis ſuffragia venor.

Horat.

Febr. 12. 1662.

IMPRIMATUR
JOHN BERKENHEAD.

LONDON,

Printed for Henry Herringman, and are to be ſold at his Shop
at the Sign of the Anchor in the Lower Walk of
the New Exchange, 1664.

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
FIVE
A
1811-Comedy

The Second Edition.

JOHN BARNESHEAD,
PRINTED BY
J. BARNESHEAD,

LONDON.

I found for Henry Barnum, and are to be sold in his shop
at the sign of the Anchor in the Lower Walk of
the New Exchange, 1864.



To the Right HONORABLE,

HENRY HOWARD,

OF
NORFOLK.



Since it is Your Pleasure (Noble Sir) that
I should hold my Fortune from You; like
those Tenants, who pay some Inconside-
rable Trifle in lieu of a Valuable Rent, I
humbly offer You this Poem in Acknowledgment of
my Tenure: and I am well pleas'd with this Occa-
sion to Publish my Sense of Your Favours, since it
seems to me a kind of Ingratitude to be Thankful
in Private.

It was bred upon the Terrace-Walks in Your
Garden, at *Aldbury*; and, if I mistake not, it re-

seemles the Place where it was Brought up: The Plot is Delightful, the Elevations Natural, the Accents Easie, without any great Embellishments of Art.

I design'd the Character of *Antonio* as a Copy of Your Steady Virtue; if it appear to those, who have the Honor to know You, short of the Original; I take leave to Inform them, that You have not sat to me long; 'Tis possible, hereafter I may Gratifie my Country for their Civility to this Essay with something more worthy of Your Patronage, and their Indulgence.

In the Interim I make it my Glory to avow, That had Fortune been Just to me, She could not have Recompens'd the Loyal Industry of my Life with a more illustrious Title, than that which You have been pleas'd to Confer upon me; of **YOUR FRIEND**. To which (as in Gratitude I am bound) I Subjoyn that of

Your most humble Servant,

S. TUKE.



To my most Honour'd Friend
Colonel *Tuke*, upon his Exem-
plary Dramatique Poem the Adven-
tures of Five Hours.



*With Fletcher's Nature, Learned Johnson's Art,
Of others too the more Transcendent part:
Dramatique Laws not only kept but taught,
And new Perfections into Precept brought.*

*In this we find how Vast's the scope of wit,
Although restrain'd within the bounds of fit:
The work's Heroick; it redeems the Stage
From flat and foul, whilst that reforms the Age;
What Figures of things rare! how well design'd!
Of which the noblest Sir express your mind;
The brave Antonio's words amaz'd us all;
From what Pen else could such high Raptures fall?
The Gen'rous gratefull Maid a Fire express'd,
Which sprang to Flames in ev'ry Manly breast;
No more Spectators now, w' are Actors all,
With ev'ry Change our Passions rise, or fall;
Of all who Live the best discerning King
The Subject chose for him who best could sing;
For him whose Muse does Charm the nicest Ear,
For him who best could Write, and best forbear;*

That

*That Caesar's Spirit was so long restrain'd,
Amazes more than that at length it Reign'd;
In this our King is most August, and Great,
That Arms, and Arts do make his Reign compleat;
And you in both may Claim an ample Share,
Your Pen in Peace equals your Sword i'th' Warr.*

James Long.

Upon my Worthy Kinsman Co-
lonel Tuke, His Incomparable Play.

I would you had not Writ! but 'tis too late,
Against what is decreed, to Deprecate,
The Fates do Limits to each thing dispense,
To Poets rage, to Arms, to Eloquence;
Thus the Learn'd Greece, and the more Polish'd Rome,
Had bounds like Seas; Hitherto shall ye come;
And hitherto our Stage; Olympus top
Who has once gain'd (which dos the Heavens prop)
Can sore no Higher; Your Head has brush'd the Sphers,
Then 'tis no wonder if you Charm our Ears.
You in Five Hours have here performed more,
Than in Five Ages all our Bards before:
Nor tell me of another Spanish Plot,
Unless it should to write it be your Lot:
'Tis not the Story makes the Smiling fates,
But who recites that Story with your Graces:
Write then in pity to th' abandon'd Stage,
But in Another tempt your own free Rage:

What

what though the Serpent bite, and Fools revile,
He breaks his Teeth who thinks to hurt your File.
But why would you be so Injurious to
The other House? all our Old Plays undo?
All our New ones at least? For who will write?
Who can indeed, unless it be in spight?
You by this One have so improv'd the Trade,
Men will see none unless by you they're made;
And yet ye say that you will write no more,
You swear it too! Sir William shut your Door.

J. Evelyn.

To the Author.

AS when our Kings (Lords of the spacious Main)
Take in just Warrs a Rich plate-Fleet of Spain,
The rude unshapen Ingots they reduce
Into a form of Beauty, and of Use;
On which the Conquerours Image now does shine,
Not his whom it belong'd to in the Mine:
So in the mild contentions of the Muse,
(The Warr which Peace it self loves and pursues)
So have you Home to us in Triumph brought
This Cargazon of Spain, with Treasures fraught:
You have not basely gotten it by stealth,
Nor by Translation borrow'd all its wealth;
But by a powerfull Spirit made it your own;
Metall before, Money by you 'tis grown;
'Tis currant now by your adorning it
With the fair Stamp of your Victorious Wit:

But

But though we praise this Voyage of your Mind,
And though our selves Enrich'd by it we find,
We're not contented yet, because we know
What greater Stores at home within it grow;
We have seen how well you forein Oar refine;
Produce the Gold of your own Nobler Mine.
The World shall then our Native Plenty view,
And fetch Materials for their wit from you:
They all shall watch the Travels of your Pen,
And Spain on you shall make Reprisals then.

A. Cowley.

To my Excellent Friend Col. Sam.
Tuke, on his Adventures of Five Hours.

YOU are too happy, Sir, and doubly blest,
At once to please the wiser, and the best,
And raise the envy of those men who grieve
To see your Play do's, and is like to live;
While their crude births, for lack of genial fire,
No sooner are produced, than expire.

But here, good Plot, clean Language, well-weigh'd Sense,
Challenge applause, and make their own defence.
Old Ben. for his Good Play, Ill understood,
Thought it enough to swear, He knew 'twas good:
The numerous Theatre has decreed your Praise,
The proper Judges to decide the Bayes.

• Jasper Nedham
M. D.

To

To the Author of the Adventures,
&c. Perswading him to write again.

THough Darknes were the Midwife to your Plot,
Yet that was clear to all who envy'd not
So fair a birth; begot by Wit, and Art,
Great Nature's Ornaments in every part:
Why then shou'd you profess to write no more?
Unhappy Issues make a Parent poor.
You are so rich in Praise, that there will be
More than enough for a great Progeny;
Your Spanish Gustoes all our Cooks undo,
No dish will tast well if not drest by you:
whose Eagle Muse to such a height was got
That clear eyes only saw, the dull could not
Till the Cloud varied; to compleat her Fame
At last shee bravely stoop't, and kill'd her Game.

Envy incites; make good your place once more,
Else the winds favour'd, and you did but sore;
Though slander move you not, Religion may,
Teach us the Art to please your vertuous way:
For though our Vices have debauch'd the Stage
More Poets made like you may stop that rage.

Write then; for few else will, what's a slight Praise
Whilst Admirat[i]on gilds your Crown of Bayes?

Lod. Carleile.

To

To my much Honour'd Kinsman

Coll. Samuel Take, on his Adventures, &c.

That Poet who can't his clear thoughts disperse,
When Language is to strive with various Sense,
Whom well plac'd labours have remov'd from blame,
Free'd of Ambition, though he stand for Fame,
May brave Detraction, and nice scruples fight,
Yet equal Ju ges with respect invite:
Conscious of worth he treads the bending Stage,
Daring the Censures of this curious Age;
Th' impartial Multitude (to do them right)
Own all their passions, and profess delight;
Not yet concern'd in Faction, far from Guile
When mov'd to Joy, or Pity, Weep, or Smile;
Ten times the Play recall with generous heat,
Ten times attend, and fresh Applause repeat;
As Lambs new suckled leap, as Fields look gay
After sweet showers, as Birds salute the Day;
All but the Owls, and Bats, those Sons of Night,
That revell, hoot, and brook nor Arts, nor Light.
Thus on the banks of Hebrus Orpheus cou'd
Stop the quick Stream, and move the rooted Wood;
He with his Lays cou'd Stones, and Arrows charm,
And Fawns flying in the Air disarm;
Birds silent hang, Minstrel Caves resound
His Notes, which Notes (alas!) anon are drown'd,
When swinish Ruffians, Wine, and Shouts conspire
To rend the Poet, and to break his Lyre:
Art lyes oppress'd; but why do I relate
Fables? You need not fear so hard a Fate

From

From English Breasts ; these Issues a milder race
Of men produce, than grows on rocky Thrace :
Nor let the Dutch be forward to complain,
what ere is said they know the Scene is Spain ;
So no rude hand shall tear your wreathed Bayes,
All Mirth with Mirth, and Wit repay with Praise.

Chr. Wase.

To the Author upon the Adventures, &c.

They who first curiously observ'd the laws
Of writing well, and each peculiar cause
where Language with her powerfull st influence
Instills herself into the ravish'd sense :
Say 'tis an Art, not by Instructions taught,
But freely issuing from a brest that's fraught
With Prudence, Honour, Nobleness. why then
Amazeth us this off-spring of your pen ?
'Tis true it may do wonders, and redress
Th' errors, with which the Palpit, and the Press
(To th' best of Princes ruine) here of late
Corrupted had both Eloquence, and State :
All this avouching, with the general Quire
I joyn my applause, yet can't with them admire :
The faculties, Sir, of your noble mind
I know so well, and how there sits enshrind
Kirtue with her attendants so consist

That in an unaccustom'd way I smile.
 To see by you impoverish'd our stile.
 Though then this piece be of refined Ore,
 'Tis a small grain out of your richer store.
 That which so dazzles in this exc'lent Play
 The Theatre, is but a single ray
 From the rich treasure of your fancies light
 Darted; though efficacious, and so bright,
 That we shall see from thence dispell'd the night
 Where ignorance envelop'd had the age
 (Her Luminary being eclips'd the Stage)
 So the Sun chases darkness from our Sphear,
 E're in his lustre he vouchsafe to appear.

William Joyner.

To the Author, upon his finish'd
 Poem, The Adventures of Five
 Hours, &c.

Finding this Age does want that noble pride,
 For which brave men of old were deify'd:
 And that those persons who are nobly born,
 Virtue, which made 'em so, do turn to scorn:
 As if that Honor were the child of Fate,
 And vertuous men did supererogate;
 In mere compassion to this wretched age
 You bring heroique Vertue on the stage;
 Hoping her genuine Graces might entice
 Those whom her Precepts could not turn from Vice;

And

And though no stranger to those antient rolls
which keep the Records of departed Souls ;
Tis you not knowing amongst them to find
A nobler Image, copy your own mind ;
Where you such charming features do discover
In your brave Souldier, and your faithful Lover,
The silent Circle were in a suspense,
Not knowing where to wish the preference ;
But as from th' Elements contrariety
Almighty Nature forms a harmony ;
So by the Magick of your Artful Muse,
You from your Rivals discords do produce
Such a delightful concord, that all those
who fear'd their Fate, are pleas'd that they were foes.
In whose serene, and settled Looks we find
Delight, and wonder did possess their mind,
whose strict attention speaks your praises higher
Than the loud Plaudits of the upper Tire.
Whilst others writings raise the Vulgar Cry,
Yours, Sir, are only prais'd by Extasie.

P O S T S C R I P T.

YOU to all other writers give their due ;
And forgive those, who have deny'd it you ;
And lest by your reply their shame should live,
You still forget that which you did forgive,
Though (whilst you live) they envy your just Praise,
They will (when dead) your Cypress wreath with Bayes ;
Good Writers (like good Christians) never have
Their State of Glory till th' are in their Grave.

MELPOMENE.

The

The First SCENE is
The City of SEVIL.

*The Prologue Enters with a Play-Bill in his hand,
and Reads,*

This Day being the 15th of December, shall be Acted a New
Play, never Play'd before, call'd *The Adventures of Five Hours.*

A NEW PLAY.

TH' are i' the right, for I dare boldly say,
The English Stage ne'r had so New a Play;
The Dress, the Author, and the Scenes are New.
This ye have seen before ye'll say; 'tis true;
But tell me, Gentlemen, who ever saw
A deep Intrigue confin'd to Five Hours Law.
Such as for close Contrivance yields to none:
A Modest Man may praise what's not his own.
'Tis true, the Dress is his, which he submits
To those who are, and those who would be Wits;
Ne'r spare him Gentlemen, for to speak truth,
He has a per'lous 'ens'r'er been in's Youth;
And now grown Bald with age, Doating on Praise,
He thinks to get a Periwig of Bays.
Teach him what 'tis, in this Discerning Age
To bring his heavy Genius on the Stage;
Where you have seen such Nimble Wits appear,
That pass'd so soon, one scarce could say th' were here.
Yet after our Discoveries of late
Of their Designs, who would Subvert the State;
You'll wonder much, if it should prove his Lot,
To take all England with a Spanish Plot:
But if through his ill Conduct, or hard Fate,
This Foreign Plot (like that of Eighty Eight)
Should suffer Shipwrack in your Narrow Seas,
You'll give your Modern Poet his writ of Ease;
For by th' Example of the King of Spain,
He resolves ne'r to trouble you again.

THE PROLOGUE AT COURT.

He Addresses himself to the Pit.

A S to a dying Lamp, one drop of Oyl
Gives a new Blaze, and makes it live a while ;
So th' Author seeing his decaying Light,
And therefore thinking to retire from sight,
Was hindred by a Ray from th' upper Sphere,
Just at that time he thought to disappear ;
He chanc'd to hear his Majesty once say
He lik'd this Plot : he staid ; and writ the Play ;
So should Obsequious Subjects catch the Minds
Of Princes, as your Sea-men do the Winds.
If this Attempt then shews more Zeal, than Light,
'T may teach you to Obey, though not to Write.

This refers to
the Authors
purpose of
Retirement,
at that time
when his Ma-
jesty recom-
mended this
Plot to him.

A H! he is there himself. * Pardon my sight,
My Eyes were dazzled with Excess of Light ;
Even so the Sun, who all things else displays,
Is hid from us i' th' glory of his Rays ;
Will You vouchsafe Your Presence ? You, that were given
To be our Atlas, and support our Heaven ?
Will you (Dread Sir) Your Precious Moments lose
To Grace the first Endeavours of our Cause ?
This with your Character most apply suits
Even Heaven is pleas'd with the first Emits.

He looking up
and seeing the
King, starts.
* He kneels.
He rises.

2
DRAM-

Dramatis Personæ.

Porcia.
Camilla.

Young Ladies.

Don Carlos.
Don Henrique.

*A Kind Brother to Camilla.
A Severe Brother to Porcia.*

Don Antonio Pimentel.

*Contracted by the Mediation
of Friends to Porcia be-
fore he saw her.*

Don Octavio.

*Secret Gallant to Porcia, but
feigning to be in Love
with Camilla.*

Flora.

Waiting-woman to Porcia.

Ernesto. }
Sancho. }

Servants to Don Antonio.

Diego.

Servant to Octavio.

Sylvio. }
Geraldo. }
Pedro. }

Servants to Don Henrique.

The Corridor, and Attendants.

The Scene

S E V I L.



The First Act.

THE SCENE

DON HENRIQUE'S HOUSE.

*Enter Don Henrique, who is immediately follow'd
by Sylvio.*

Sylvio.



Ignor, Don Carlos is without.

Henr. Wait on him in.

Enter Carlos.

*Car. Cozin, to me this day hath longer seem'd than usual,
Since 'tis so far advanc'd without our seeing one another.*

*Henr. Me thinks so too; but you repair your Stay,
By coming hither opporruncly now;
You have so often born with my Distempers,
'Tis fit that once at least you should partake*

B

OF

The Adventures of Five Hours.

Of my Good humour.

Car. What ere the Cause may be (I'm sure) I joy
In the Effect, and may it long continue.

Hen. I can inform you by experience now
How great a satisfaction 'tis to find

A Heart and Head eas'd of a weighty care;
For a Gentleman of my warm temper,
Jealous of the Honour of his Family;
(Yet never blemish'd) to be fairly freed
From the Tuition of an Orphan Sister,
Rich, Beautiful, and Young.

Car. You know, *Don Henrique*, that for divers years,
Your Friend has been with the like Province charg'd,
A tender Sister, by our Parents will,
(When they were call'd from all their Cares below)
To mine committed; and though more expos'd
Still to the world than yours; and (Sir) unless
Nearness of blood deceive me, short of few
In the advantages that draw Pretenders;
Yet thanks to my Temper, Cozin, as well
As to her Virtue, I have seen her grow
Up from her Childhood, to her Dangerous Age,
Without the least Disturbance to my rest:
And when with equal Justice I reflect
On the great Modesty and Circumspection
Of lovely *Porcia*, I conclude, that you
Might well have slept as Undisturb'd as I.

Hen. Sir, I complain not of my Sisters conduct;
But you know well, young Maids are so expos'd
To the Invasion of audacious men,
And to the Malice of their envious Sex,
You must confess the Confines of their Fame
Are never safe till guarded by a Husband;

The

The Adventures of Five Hours.

The wisdom of Relations ought to use
Preventions of all sorts; but dear *Carlos*,
The Blemish once received, no Wash is good
For stains of Honor, but th' Offenders blood.

Car. Y' are too severe a Judge of point of Honor.

Herr. And therefore having not long since receiv'd
The news, that *Don Antonio Pimentel*,
Is likely to be here this night from *Flanders*;
To whom my Sister by *Velladas* means,
(Our common Friend and Patron) is contracted;
I will not close these eyes till I have seen
Her, and my Cares, safe lodg'd within his arms.

Car. I find your travels, Cozin, have not cur'd you
Of that ingate Severity to Women,
Which grows to be a National reproach
Unto us all abroad; the world laments
That miserable Sex amongst us here
Born onely to be honorable Prisoners;
The more of Quality, the Closer kept;
Which Cruelty is reveng'd upon our selves,
Whilst by Impugning those whom most we Love,
We sing and sigh onely to Iron Grates.
As cruel is that over-cautious use,
By Proxy to contract Parties Unknown
To one another; this is onely fit
For Sovereign Princes, whose high qualities
Will not allow of previous interviews;
“ They sacrifice their Love to Publick good,
“ Consulting onely Interest and Blood.
A custom, which as yet I never knew
Us'd between persons of a Lower rank,
Without a sequel of sad Consequence:
Sir, understand me right; I speak not this

The Adventures of Five Hours.

By way of Prophecy ; I am no stranger
To *Don Antonios* great reputation ;
Which I believe to just , I no way doubt
Your Sisters being happy in him.

Hen. Don Carlos , let us quit this Argument ;
I now am going to our noble friend
And kinsman the *Gorridor* , to see
If he will honor with his Company
My Sisters Wedding ; will you come along ?

Car. Most willingly ; as soon as I have brought
My Sister hither , and left her with yours.

Hen. I have some business , *Cozin* , by the way ,
I'll go before , and wait you i'th' *Piazza* .
Your Servant , *Cozin* .

Henrique
waits on him
in the door.

[Exit Carlos.

This Kinsman is my bosom friend , and yet
Of all men living , I must hide from him
My deep resentments of his Sisters scorn ;
That cruel Maid , to wound me to the Heart ,
Then close her Ears against my just complaints ;
But though as yet I cannot heal my wound ,
I may , by my Revenge upon my Rival
Divert the Pain ; and I will drive it home ;
There's in Revenge a Balm , which will appease
The present grief , and Time cure the disease.

[Exit Henrique.

Enter Porcia.

Porcia. My heart is so oppress'd , with fear and grief ,
That it must break , unless it find relief ;
The Man I love is forc'd to flee my sight ,
And like a *Parthian* , kills me in his flight :
One whom I never saw , I must embrace ,

Or

The Adventures of Five Hours.

Or else destroy the Honour of my Race;
A Brothers Care, more cruel than his Hate;
O how perplex is my unhappy fate!

Enter Carlos and Camilla.

Car. Cozin, I thought my Sisters company
Would not displease you, while I wait upon
Your Brother in a visit.

Porc. Sir, you oblige me with a welcome favour;
I rather should have stild it Charity,
To bring a friend to her, whose cruel fate
Has robb'd her of her self.

Cam. Me thinks 'tis pity that a wall should make
The houses two, of friends so entirely one
As you, and I, and our two Brothers are.

Porc. If it be true, that Lovers live much more
There where they Love, than where they Breathe, I'm sure
No walls can sever us, we are still together.

Car. Were I not much engag'd, I would not quit
So sweet a Conversation; but, Sister,
At my return, I'll wait upon you home.

Porc. For this night, Cozin, pray let her be mine;
I beg it of you both.

Car. You may command, we are both yours.

Porc. My dear Camilla, how I long'd to have
the,

Where freely breathing out my Grief, I might
Some mitigation from thy Pity find;
"But since there's no true Pity without Pain;
Why should I Ease, by thy Affliction gain?"

Cam. Ah Porcia! if Compassion Suffering be,
And to Console be Pain; my Destiny
Will full revenge in the same kind afford;

Should

The Adventures of Five Hours.

Should I, but my unequal'd griefs relate,
And you, but equally participate.
Porc. If yours, as mine, from Love did first arise,
Our Fates are more allid than Families.

Cam. What, to our Sex; and blooming age can prove
An anguish worthy of our Sighs; but Love,

Porc. 'Tis true, *Camilla*, were your fate like mine,
Hopeless to hold, unable to resign.

Cam. Let's tell our Stories; then we soon shall see,
Which of us two excels in Misery.

Porc. Cozin, agreed.

Cam. Do you begin then.

Porc. You know, *Camilla*, best, how generously, & how
How long, and how discreetly, my *Obsession*
Hath serv'd me; and what trials of his faith
And servitude I made, ere I was

The least hope to sustain his noble Love.

Cozin, all this you know; I was in your House

We had our interview; where you were pleas'd

To suffer feign'd addresses to your self;

To cover from my watchful Brother's eye;

The real passion which he had for me.

Cam. My memory in this needs no refreshing.

Porc. And how long Evening (O that fatal hour)

My Brother passing by Don Carlos house,

With his great Friend and Confident *Don Pedro*,

Did chance to see th' unfortunate *Osorio*,

At your Balcony, entertaining me,

Whom not believing there, he took for you;

Where mad with Jealousie, his cruel nature

(To which all Moderation is unknown)

Resolves to stamp all your Neglects of him,

In's suppos'd Rival poor *Osorio's* heart;

But

The Advancement of Free-Holder

He, and his Friend both draw, *Osorio* in his own defence
Retires, they assault him; who in his own defence
Does kill *Don Pedro*, and is Lord *Over* him
My Brother cruelly pursues him still, yet
With such insatiate thirst after revenge,
That nothing but *Osorio's* blood can quench it
Yet covering still his Rage and Jealousie,
With the repentment of *Don Pedro's* death

Cam. Is this the sum of your sad story, *Porcia*?
Is this all?

Por. No, no, *Camilla*, 'tis the Prologue only,
The Tragedy does follow; this Tyrant,
This cruel Brother, with Imperious Laws
Of whose Tuiton, my deceased Parents
My Person and my Fortune have condemn'd,
In his unjust Suspicion restless grown,
(Which he to palliate Vice with Virtues name,
Does Sense of Honor call yokes an Alarm,
And starts at every shadow; as if reproach
Attended all the actions of a Sister,
Though ne'r so Circumspect; and uses me,
As if the Honor of our Family
Were over-thrown for ever; should my Eyes,
Or Judgment, be but the least part allow'd
In making choice of him should be my Husband.
Therefore to frustrate all my hopes at once,
He has already marr'd me by Proxie,
To one in *Flanders*, whom I never saw,
Who is this very night expected here.

Cam. Is such a sigour possible, dear *Porcia*?

Por. Was ever Miserie like mine, *Camilla*?
Heightned to such extremes, past all relief?
If I acquaint my Brother with my Love

T. Osorio

The Adventures of Five Hours.

T' *Osavio*, the man he most does Hate,
I must expect the worst effects of fury;
If I endeavour to Forget *Osavio*;
Even that attempt renews his memory,
And fresh Disquiet gives; If I refuse
To marry, I am lost; If I obey,
I cast *Osavio* and my self away:
Two such Extremes of ill, no Choice admit;
Each seems the Worst; on which Rock shall I split?
Since if I marry, I cannot survive;
And not to marry, were to die alive.

Cam. Your Story (I confess) is strangely moving;
Yet if you could my Fortune weigh with yours,
In Scales of equal Sensibility,
You would not change your Sufferings, for mine.

Por. What can there be in Nature more afflicting,
Than a Divorce from th' Object of our Love,
For ever, to embrace the thing we Hate?

Cam. Have you not known that Object of your Love?
And entertain'd the Person you esteem?
Have you not heard, and answered to his Sighs?
Has he not born his Part in all your Cares?
Do not you live, and reign within his heart?

Por. I doubt no more his Faith, than my hard Fate.

Cam. But tell me, dearest *Porcia*, if I love
One, I ne'r shall see, and suffer as much
Without the Means of e'r expressing it;
As what I suffer is above expression;
If all my Sighs wander in fleeting Air,
And ne'r can reach his ears for whom they reform'd;
If all my Passion, all my killing Cares,
Must be for ever to their Cause unknown;
If that their weight must sink me to my Grave;

Without

The Adventure of Five Hours.

Without one Groan that he can ever hear,
Or the least hope, that I should e'r obtain
By Pity Ease, or Cure by his Disdain:
If this the state of my Misfortune be,
Say, dearest *Porcia*, do you envie me?

Por. What over-cruel Laws of Decency
Have struck you dumb? have you misplac'd your Love,
On such a Subject, as you dare not own?

Cam. No, the Cause is worthy of the Effect;
And though I had no Passion for his Person,
I were Ungrateful if I should not give
The first place in my Heart to such high Merit.

Por. If he has been so Generous, to deserve
Your Love, why are not you so Just, to let
Him know it?

Cam. 'Tis impossible; Ah! that dismal word
Does full state the Difference of our Fortunes:
You, in your first Adventure have been cross'd,
But I, before I can set out am lost.

Por. Pray make me comprehend this Mystery.

Cam. 'Tis t' open my wounds afresh, dear *Porcia*,
But You must be obey'd----- [After a little pause.

The *Conde de Onniate* being sent
Embassadour unto the *Emperour*;
We having th' honor to be near ally'd
To him, by his Lady, (who likewise went
That Journey with her Husband) my Brother
Was desir'd by her to make that Voiage;
Whose tenderness for me, not suffering him
To let me stay behind, I was engag'd;
And treated by th' *Ambassadress*, my Cozin,
With more respect than I could ever merit.

Por. She's a Lady, fam'd for great Civility.

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Cam. We had not pass'd much time i'th' *Emp'ror's* Court,
When my dear Brother unexpectedly,
By urgent business, was call'd back to *Sevil*;
And in our return (too near a Garison
Of th' *Enemies*) our Convoy was surpriz'd,
And routed by a Party of their Horse.

Por. Camilla, you begin to raise my fears.

Cam. We Prisoners made, were hurri'd streight away
To their Quarters, where my malicious Fate
Made me appear too pleasing to the Eyes
Of their Commander; who at first approach
Pretends to Parly in a Lovers style,
Protecting that my Face had chang'd our Fortunes,
And him my Captive made: But finding soon
How little he advanc'd in his Design
By Flattery, and his feign'd Submission;
He shifts his Person, calls me his Prisoner,
And swears my Virgin-Treasure was his Prize;
And yet protests he had much rather owe it
To my Indulgence, than his own Good Fortune;
And so through Storms and Calms, the Villain still
Pursues his Course to his accursed End;
But finding me inflexible to Threats
As well as Fawnings, he resolves to use
The last, and uncontrol'd Argument
Of Impious Men in Power, Force.

Por. Ah poor *Camilla*! tell me, where was then
Your Brother, at a time of such distress?

Cam. My Brother? he, alas, was long before
Born away from me, in the first Incounter;
Where having certainly behav'd himself
As did become his Nation and his Name,
Remain'd fore wounded in another House.

Por. Pr'y-

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Por. Pr'ythee make haste to free me from this fright.

Cam. The Brute approaches, and by Violence
Endeavours to accomplish his intent;
I Heaven invoke, and strong Resistance make,
But with Unequal force, though Rage suppli'd
Those Spirits, which my Fear had put to flight;
Breathless at length with crying out, and striving,
I spi'd a Dagger by the Villain's side,
Which snatching boldly out, as my last refuge,
With his own Arms I wound the Savage Beast;
He, at the stroke, unseas'd me, and gave back;
("So Guilt produces Cowardice) then I
The Dagger pointing to my breast, cri'd out,
Villain, keep off, for if thou dost persist,
I'll be my self both Sacrifice and Priest;
I boldly now defie thy Lust, and Hate;
" She that dares Choose to die, may Brave her Fate.
Immediately the Drums and Trumpets sound,
Pistols go off, and a great cry, To Arms,
To Arms: The Lustful Satyr flies; I stand
Fix'd with amazement to the Marble floor,
Holding my Guardian Dagger up aloft,
As if the Ravisher had threatned still.

Por. I fancy thee, *Camilla*, in that brave posture,
Like a noble Statue, which I remember
To have seen, of the infuriated *Juno*,
When she had robb'd *Jove* of his Thunderbolt.

Cam. Freed from this Fright, my Spirits flow so fast
To the forsaken Channels of my Heart,
That those who by their orderly access
Would have Supported life, by Throngs oppress.
O're-charg'd with Joy, I fell into a Swoon;
And what was done in this *Parenthesis*

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Is not within the Circle of my Knowledge.

Por. Y' have rais'd me to a mighty Expectation ;
Will the Adventure answer it, *Camilla*?

Cam. At my return to life, op'ning my eyes ,
Think, dearest *Porcia*, how I was astonish'd ,
To find there kneeling by my side, a Man,
Of a most noble Form, who bowing to me ,
Madam, (says he) y'are welcome to the world ;
Pardon, I pray, the Boldness of a Stranger ,
That humbly lues t'you to Continue in it ;
Or if You needs will Leave us, stay at least
Till I shall have Reveng'd your wrongs, and then
I'll wait upon you to the other world ,
For You with-drawn, this will a Desert seem,
And Life a Torment.

Por. High gallantry, Cozin, for a first Address.

Cam. 'Twas so Surprizing, that my Confusion
Check'd my Reply : but I suppose my Looks
Did speak the grateful Language of my Heart ;
For I perceiv'd an Air of Joy enlighten
His manly Face ; but, O it soon was clouded,
By fresh Allarms ; We heard the Soldiers cry ,
Where's *Antonio*, th' Enemy is ralli'd ,*

And coming on to give a Second Charge ;
He started up, and with a Meen, that mark'd
The Conflict twixt his Honor and his Love ;

Madam, (says he) the Soul was never yet
With such Convulsion from the Body torn ,
As I from you ; but it must ne'r be said ,
That *Don Antonio Pimentel* was seen
To Follow in Dangers those he ought to Lead ;
And thus the Vanquish'd Conqueror Disappear'd ,
Leaving that Image stamp'd upon my Heart.

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To which I all the Joys must Sacrifice
Of the poor remnant of my wretched Life;
If properly to live I may be said,
When all my hopes of Seeing him are dead.

*She puts her
Handkerchief to
her Eyes.*

Por. What said you was his name, *Camilla*?

Cam. Don Antonio Pimentel, I told you.

Por. O Heavens! Antonio Pimentel!

Enter Henrique.

Hen. I'm pleas'd to find you Speaking of your Husband.

Cam. What's that I hear? her Husband?

[Aside.]

Hen. Have you the Letter ready, I desir'd you

To write to him? I'll send a Servant with it,

To meet him on the way, 'twill shew Respect.

Por. You know my Obedience, Brother.

Hen. 'Tis well, Sister.

Enter Sylvio.

Sylv. Sir, here's a Servant of Don Antonio,
Newly alighted at the Gate; he's come

Post from his Master, charg'd with Letters for You.

Hen. You ne'r could bring me a more welcom News;

Call him in, *Sylvio*: Sister, you may

With-draw, and take this time to ask your Cozin,

How she likes my Choice of your Wedding-Cloathes.

Por. My Wedding-Cloathes? Ah! miserable Maid!

The Heav'n so to their Feign'd Deities

Adorn'd the Victims they did Sacrifice.

[Exeunt Porcia & Camilla.]

Enter Henrique and Sylvio.

Ern. Signior, Don Antonio kisses your hands;

And sends me to present this Letter to you.

He

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[He gives a Letter to Don Henrique.

Don Henrique opens it, and seeming to have
read it to himself, says,

Hen. I'm glad you left him well ; but yet me thinks,
He writes doubtfully of his being here
This night, as I expected.

Ern. His Letter, I suppose, declares his purpose.

Hénr. I'll answer't, and dispatch you presently.

In the mean while go make him welcom, Sylvio.

[Exit Sylvio and Ernesto at one door,
and Henrique at the other.

Enter Sylvio, Ernesto, Geraldo, Pedro, with some
Cups of Chocolate.

Sylv. Meethinks, Cametade, a sop of Chocolate
Is not amiss after a tedious Journey ;
Your Master's Health, Sir. [He drinks.

Ern. I'll do you reason, Sir.

Sylv. Pray how long is't, Brother, since you left Spain ?

Ern. 'Tis now five years, and upward, since I went
From Seville with my Master, into Flanders,
The King's Fencing-School ; where all his Subjects,
Given to Fighting, are taught the Use of Arms,
And notably kept in breath.

Sylv. Your Master, I am sure, has got the Fame
To be a Per'ous man in that rough Trade.

Ern. He's a brave Soldier, Envy must confess it.

Pedr. It seems so i'faith, since meerly by the force
Of his great Reputation, he can take our Bright
Young Mistris so, without a Siege.

Ern. I hope she'll be Reveng'd on him ere long,
And take him too, by the force of her Wit,
And Beautie.

Pedr.

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Pedr. S'has more than a Child's Portion, Sir, of both,
I dare assure you.

Sylv. But, pr'ythee, Brother, instruct me a little,
Tell me, what kind of Country is this *Holland*,
That's so much talk'd of, and so much fought for.

Ern. Why, Friend, 'tis a huge Ship at Anchor, fraught
With a sort of Creatures, made up of Turf,
And Butter.

Pedr. I pray, Sir, what do they drink in that Country?
'Tis said, there's neither Fountains there,
Nor Vines.

Ern. This is the *Butler* sure by his apt question. [*Aside.*
Friend, they drink there a certain muddy Liquor,
Made of that Grain with which you feed your Mules.

Pedr. What? Barley? can that Liquor quench their thirst?

Ern. You'd scarce believe it did, had you but seen
How oft they drink. (Camerade.

Pedr. But, me-thinks, that should make them drunk,

Ern. Indeed most Strangers do think so, but they
Themselves believe it not, because they're so,
So often.

Ger. A Nation sure of Walking Tuns; the World
Has not the like.

Ern. Pardon me, Friend, there is but a great Ditch
Betwixt them and such another Nation;
If these Good-fellows would but Joyn, and drink
That drie, 't'faith they might shake hands.

Ger. Pr'ythee, Friend, can these Dutch *Borraccios*
Fight?

Ern. They can do even as well, for they can Pay
Those that can fight.

Sylv. But where, I pr'ythee, do they get their Money?

Ern. Oh, Friend, they have a Thriving Mystery;

They

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They Cheat their Neighbouring Princes of their Trade,
And then they Buy their Subjects for their Soldiers.

Sylv. Me thinks our Armies should beat these Dull Fellows
Out of the World.

Ern. These Dull Fellows will sooner beat our Armies
Out of their Country; Why, Friend, ready Money
Will do much more, in Camps, as well as Courts,
Than a Ready Wit, I dare assure you.

Ger. What a Gods name could come into the Heads
Of this People, to make them Rebel?

Ern. Why Religion, that came into their Heads
A Gods name.

Ger. But what a Devil made the Noble-men
Rebel?

Ern. Why that which made the Devil himself Rebel,
Ambition!

Sylv. This is a pleasant Fellow; [Aside.
I find that you Soldiers do not want Wit.

Ern. But I find he wants Wit that is a Soldier.
Gentlemen, your Company's very good,
But I have business that requires Dispatch.

Pedr. Will you not mend your Draught before you go?

Ern. I thank you, Sir, I have done very well.

[Exeunt.

Enter Camilla, Porcia, Flora.

Por. Was e'r Misfortune like to mine, Camilla?

Cam. Was e'r Disaster, Porcia, like to mine?

Por. That I must never see *Octavio* more.

Cam. That I again must *Don Antonio* see,
Never to see him Mine.

Por. I, to be marri'd to the Man I Hate.

Cam. And

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Cam. And I, to have the Man I Love, torn from me.

Por. I am, by Robbing of my Friend, undone.

Cam. And I (alas) by Yielding, ruine both.

Por. Ye Powers, who these intrangled fortunes give,
Instruct us how to Die, or how to Live. *[She weeps.]*

Cam. Cozin, when we should Act, then to Complain,
Is Childishly to beat the Air in vain.

These descants on our Griefs do but Perplex,

Let's seek the Remedy; You know, our Sex

This Honor bears from Men, in Exigents

Of Love, never to want Expedients.

Por. You have awaken'd me, give me your Veil, and I will
Quickly, my Dearest, quickly; and You, *Flora*,

Run and see if my Brother be settled *[Porcia takes off Camil-*

To the Dispatching of *Antonio's* Man. *[She's Veil and puts it on*

[Exit Flora]

Cam. What mean you, *Porcia*?

Por. If once my Brother be set down to write,
I may securely reckon one hour mine;

His Wits are onely in his Choler quick,

And his Hand ready in Revenge; he's so

Extravagantly Jealous, he distrusts

The Meaning of his own ill-chosen Words,

And so at length can hardly fix on any.

This Time I will make use of to go see

Orelia, and let him know that the last Term

Of all our Hopes is ready to Expire,

Unless his VVirt, his Courage, and his Love,

Some quick Expedient find for our Relief. *[Chim]*

Cam. Why, How, and VVhere do you hope to speak with T

Por. In his own House, where he does lie conceal'd,

'Tis not far off, and I will venture thither.

Cam. Know you the way?

D

Por. Nor

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Por. Not very well, but *Flora's* a good Guide.

Enter Flora hastily.

Flo. O *Madam!* He's coming already.

Por. Ah spiteful Destiny! let us retire,
Coz'ing into my Chamber.

Exit Porcia and Camilla.

Enter Henrique and Ernesto.

Henr. If you desire to speak with her, you may.

Ern. I should be very glad to tell my Master
That I have had the Honour to see his Bride.

Henr. Where's your Lady, *Flora*?

Flo. She's in her Chamber, Signior.

Henr. Tell her, *Antonio's* Servant does desire
To do his Duty to her, ere he goes.

[Exit Flora.]

Friend, you will find her there, without a Veil,

In her Home Dress, but you are privileg'd

For this free Access, by your Relation.

Whilst you wait on her, I'll go end my Letter.

[Exit Henrique.]

Enter Camilla, Porcia, and Flora.

Por. If thou lov'st me, get him quickly away,
Before my Brother come, and give him this.

Ernesto addresses himself to Camilla,

seeing her without a Veil.

Ern. Madam, I have been bold to beg the Honour
Of seeing you, to make my self more welcome

To my Lord, at my return.

Por. A rare Mistake, further it, dear *Camilla*,

Who knows what Good this Error may produce

Cam. Friend, in what state left you your Lord and mine?

Ern. As

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Err. As happy as the Hopes of being Yours
Ought certainly to make him, *Madam.*

Cam. I would the Master were as easily deceiv'd. [*A side.*
I pray present my Humble Service to him:
Flora, give him the Letter; Farewel.

[*Exeunt Camilla, Porcia, and Flora.*

Err. Now by my Life, she is a lovely Lady;
My Master will be raviſh'd with her Form;
I hope the Bargain, which her Brother made,
By th' interpolal of *Vellada's* Power,
(Though founded onely in Interest) may prove
As happy a Marriage, as any other
Made after th' Old fashion, chiefly for Love;
And that so rare a Beauty may have power
To bring him back to his right Wits again
From his wild Ravings on an unknown Dame,
Whom as he fancies (once upon a time)
He recover'd from a Trance; that is,
From a sound Sleep, to make him Dream e'r since.
I'll hasten to him with this pleasing news. [*Exit Ernesto.*

Enter Camilla, Porcia, Flora.

Cam. My Melancholy could hardly hinder me
From laughing at the Formal Fools mistake;
But tell me, did not I present your Pers'nage
With assurance? the way for both to thrive,
Is to make me your Representative. [*Smiling.*

Por. Most willingly, and I am confident,
When you, your Charms shall to his heart apply,
You all your Rivals safely may despise.

Cam. I wish I could be vain enough to hope it.
But, Cozin, my Despairs are so Extreme,
I can't be flatter'd, though but in a Dream.

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Flo. Madam, do we go, or what d' you resolve on?

Por. I must resolve, I see, yet know not what.

Cam. Cozin, take heed, I am afraid you've ventured
Too much, your Brother cannot tarry long;
And, if returning, he should find you missing-----

Por. Y'have reason, the opportunity is lost,
What is't a Clock, *Flora*?

Flo. I think near Eight, for the Clock struck seven;
Just as *Camilla* enter'd the Chamber.

Por. Quick then, *Flora*, fetch your Veil, you shall carry
My Tablets to *Osorio*, there he'll find
The Hour and Place where I would have him meet.

Cam. 'Tis well resolv'd; but where do you design
Your Meeting?

Por. In the Remotest part of all the Garden,
Which answers (as you know) to my apartment;
And *Flora* has the Key of the Back-door.

Cam. As the Case stands, you choose the fittest place.
[*Flora returns Veil'd.*]

Por. Cozin, I beg your patience whilst I write.

Cam. You, *Flora*, by this Accident may chance
To see your faithful Lover *Diego*. *Flora writes
in her Tablets*

Flo. He is a faithful Lover of himself,
Without a Rival, *Madam*.

Cam. Damsel, your Words and Thoughts do not agree;
For could we see his Image in your Heart,
'Twould be a fairer far, than ere his Glass
Reflected.

Flo. Madam, I am not yet so very Old,
That I should Dote.

Cam. Nor yet so very Young, but you may Love.
Dotage and Love are Cozin-germans, *Flora*.

Flor. Yes

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Flo. Yes, when we Love, and are not lov'd again;
For else, I think, they're not so near a kin. [Smiling.]

Cam. I've touch'd a Nettle, and have stung my self. [Aside.]

Por. Make haste, dear *Flora*.

{ *Porcia gives Flora the
Tablets, having lock'd
them.*

Flo. Madam, I'll flie.

Should I not play my part, I were to blame,
Since all my Fortune's betted on her game. } [Aside.]

Madam, has *Osavio* the other Key

Belonging to the Tablets.

Por. Yes, yes, I pray make haste. [Exit *Flora*.]

Let us retire, *Camilla*, a little Rest,
And Meditation, may new aids suggest.

THE SECOND ACT.

THE SCENE,

The City of *SEVIL*.

Enter Don Antonio and Sancho in Riding-Cloathes.

San. Sir, we are arriv'd in very good time.

An. I did not think it would have been so soon,
By an hour at least, but Lovers ride apace.
Why smile you, *Sancho*?

San. Faith at the Novelty of your Amours,
To fall in Love with one, you Scarcely saw,
And marry one, you Never saw; 'tis pretty:
But we poor Mortals have another Method.

An. Y'are very pleasant; this, *Sancho*, is the place,
Where I charg'd *Ernesto* to expect me,

Whom

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VVhom I sent before to my Brother-in-Law ;
But with this Order, not to let him know ,
That I intended to arrive this Evening ;
Surprizes in Love-meetings render Men
More welcome, and have more of Gallantry.

San. Since you are here, Sir, earlier than you thought ;
VVhy might you not go shift you at the Post-house ?
And be back here, before *Ernesto* come ;
Howe're, 'tis better, that he wait for you ,
Than you for him i'th' open Street.

An. 'Tis well thought on; come, let's to the Post-house
[Exeunt.]

Enter Don Octavio, and Diego.

Os. Come, *Diego*, 'tis time to quit our Lurking-holes ,
And to begin our Chase.

Die. Of what, Sir ? Bats , or Owls, now the Sun's set ?
Call you this making of Love ? me-thinks, 'tis
More like making of VVar ; marching all night
In Arms, as if we design'd to Beat up
The Enemies Quarters.

Os. VVhy would'st not thou venture as much for *Flora* ?

Die. No in good faith; I shall venture enough
If e'r I Marry her ; I'll run no hazard ,
(By my good-will) before-hand.

Os. That's from your Fear, not Prudence, *Diego*.

Die. Sir, you may call it what you please , but I
Dare boldly say, there lives not in the world
A more Valiant Man, than I ; whilst Danger
Does keep its Distance ; but when sawcily
It presses on, then (I confels) 'tis true ,
I have a certain Tenderness for Life ,
That checks my Ardor, and enclines my Prudence

Timely

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Timely to withdraw.

Off. Your Style is wondrous civil to your self;
How you Soften that harsh word, call'd Cowardice;
But the Danger is not always evident,
VVhen you are pleas'd, my Friend, to Run away.

Die. It may be so, Sir, not to Vulgar eyes;
But I have such a peircing sight, that can
Discover Perils out of others. Ken;
VVhich, they not seeing soon enough to Shun,
Are forc'd to Encounter; and then their struggling
Is, by th'unwarie world, taken for Courage.

Off. You have more Light, *Diego*, I see, than Heat;
But I'll allow your VVit and Honesty
To come to Composition for your want
Of Courage; though it be a Quality
I may have use of; but we lose our time.
VVas ever Lover's Fate so rude as mine?
Condemn'd to Darkness, forc'd to hide my Head,
As well as Love? and to do me a Spight,
Fortune has Contradictions reconcil'd,
I am at once a Prisoner, and Exil'd.

Enter Antonio and Sancho.

Ant. Me-thinks, *Ernesto* should not tarry long,
If not already come; *Sancho*, how call you
The Street there just before us? where you see
Yon Gentleman with his Cloak o're his face?
I have quite lost the memory of this place.

San. I am as much to seek, as you, Sir.

Ant. Let us go to him, *Sancho*, and enquire;
He has a notable good Meen; me-thinks,
I ne'r saw an Air more like *Ossavio's*.

Off. Unless my eyes do very much deceive me,

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'Tis *Don Antonio* ; if it be he, *Diego*,
There is no danger in his knowing us ;
He ever was my faithful friend ; 'Tis he. } *Osorio lets fall his*
cloak from before his
face.

Ant. You injure me, *Othavio*, to be so long
A knowing one, who is so intirely yours.

OS. Your presence here, noble Antonio, was
So unexpected, that I hardly durst [They embrace.
Believe my eyes; When came you to this Town?

Ant. I am just now arriv'd.

Oh. I joy to see you here, but should have thought
It likelier to have heard of you at Court;
Pursuing there the Recompences due
To your transcendent Merit.

Ant. That is no place for men of my Morallitie.
I have been taught, *Orazio*, to Deserve,
But not to Seek Reward; that does prophane
The Dignity of Virtue; if Princes
For their own Interests will not advance
Deserving Subjects, they must raise Themselves
By a brave Contempt of Fortune.

Of th' Antient Virtue; may they Fruit produce
Fit to Illustrate, and Instruct the Age.
Let me once more embrace you, Sir, Welcome,
Brave Leader.

Ant. Oh, you must spare your Servants, Sir.

OZ. He has not liv'd i'th' reach of publick Fame,
 Who has not heard your noble Character;
 This is my house, be pleas'd, Sir, to go in,
 And make it yours; though truly at the present
 I am in a very ill condition
 To receive the Honor of such a Guest;
 Having by an unlucky accident,

Been

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Been forc'd of late to keep my self conceal'd.

Ant. I humbly thank you, Sir, but cannot yet
Receive that favour, for I here must stay
Expecting the Return of one, I sent
Before to town to my Brother-in-Law.

Os. Have you a Brother-in-law in *Sevil*?
You surprize me much.

An. It is most true, *Osavio*, I come hither
A Marri'd man, as far as friends can make me.

Os. Since it imports you not to miss your Servant,
Let us stay here without, untill he come;
And then go in, and rest your self a while.
But how go our publick Affairs in *Flanders*?

Ant. I left our Armies in a better state,
Than formerly.

Os. And our brave *Vellada* (I suppose) in great
Reputation.

Ant. The Honor of our Country, and the Terror
Of others; Fortune consulted Reason,
When she bestow'd such Favours upon him.

Os. They say he did Wonders at the Relief
Of *Juliers*.

Ant. It was indeed a famous Action.

Os. You'll much oblige me, if whilst you expect
Your Servant here; I might learn from your self
Some few particulars of your own Actions;
Fame speaks Loudly of them, but not Distinctly.

Ant. " Fame, like Water, bears up the Lighter things,
" And lets the Weighty sink; I am not us'd
To speak in the First person; but if needs
You'll have a story to fill up the time,
I'll tell you an Adventure of mine own,
Where you'll find Love so intermixt with Arms,

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That (I am confident) 'twill raise your wonder,
How being prepossess'd with such a Passion,
I should (upon Prudential motives onely)
Be engag'd (as now you find me) to Marry
A Lady whom I never saw.

Os. The Person, and the Subject, Sir, do challenge
My best attention.

Ant. The following Evening to that glorious Day:

After a little pause.

Wherein our great *Vellada* gain'd such Fame,
Against the cautelous *Nassau*, some Horse
Were sent from th' *Arms*, under my command
To cover the *Limbourg* Frontiers expos'd
To th' Enemies Inroads; scarce settled there,
I receiv'd intelligence, that a Party
Of theirs (about two hundred Horse) were come
That very Evening to a neighbouring Village,
Intending there to lodge; I instantly
Cause Sound to Horle, and march to their Surprise
So luckilie, that by the break of day
Their Quarters were on fire.

Os. You had been taught, Sir, by our wife General,
That Diligence in Execution is
Even above Fortune, Mistress of Success.

Ant. They made but faint resistance; some were slain,
Some perish'd in the flames, others escap'd,
Giving th' Alarm in Quarters more remote
To their Companions drownd in Sleep and Wine;
Who, at the Out-cry, and the Trumpers sound,
Me-thinks I fancie starting from their Beds,
As pale and wan, as from their Dormitories.
Those the last Trump shall rouse; differing in this,
That they awake to Live, but these to Die.

Os. How Unsafe it is to be Secure!

Ant. Finding

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Ant. Finding no more resistance, I made haste
To a lofty Structure, which I conceived
To be the likeliest Quarters for their Chief;
Led thither by desire to rescue both;
Him, from the Soldier's rage; That, from the Fire,

Or. A care most worthy of a gallant Leader,

Ant. But think, *Or.* how I was surpris'd,
When, on the floor of a Pavilion,
Belonging to the Garden of this House,
I found a Woman of a Matchless Form,
Extended all along.

Or. I easily can divine how such a Host
As harbours in the brave *Ant.* *Or.* *Ant.*
May suffer at so sad a Spectacle.

Ant. At the first sight I did believe her Dead;
Yet, in that state so Awful she appear'd;
That I approach'd her with as much Respect;
As if the Soul had animated still
That Body, which, though Dead, scarce Mortal seem'd.
But as the Sun from our Horizon gone,
His Beams do leave a Tincture on the Skies;
Which shews it was not long since he withdrew;

So in her lovely face there still appear'd
Some scatter'd streaks of those Vermillion Beams,
Which us'd to irradiate that bright Firmament;
Thus did I find that distress'd Miracle
Able to Wound a Heart, as if alive;
Uncapable to Cure it, as if dead.

Or. I no more doubt your Pity, than your Wonder.

Ant. My Admiration did suspend my Aid;
Till Passion join'd to Pity, made me bold;
I kneel'd, and took her in my arms, then bow'd
Her body gently forward; with which motion,

The Adventures of Five Hours.

A Sigh stole from her ; O th'ravishing sound !
Which being a *Symptom* of remaining life,
Made me forget it was a sign of Grief,
At length she faintly opens her bright eyes ;
So breaks the Day ; and so do all the Creatures.
Rejoice, as I did, at the new-born Light :
But as the *Indians*, who adore the Sun,
Are scorch'd by's Beams, ere Half his Race be Run ;
So I, who did adore her Rising Eyes,
Found my self Wounded by those Deities.

Os. How you have rais'd my Expectation !
Pray release me quickly.

Ant. From her fais hand a bloody Poniard fell,
Which she held fast during her Trance, as if
Sh'ad onely needed Arms whilst she did Sleep,
And trusted to her Eyes whilst she did Wake.
What I said to her, being a production
Of meer Extasie, I remember not ;
She made me no Reply, yet I discern'd
In a Serener Air of her pale face,
Some Lines of Satisfaction mix'd with Fear.

Os. Such looks in Silence have an Eloquence.
But pray go on.

Ant. Rais'd from the ground, and to her self return'd,
I stept a fitting distance back ; as well
To gaze upon that lovely Apparition,
As to expresse Respect ; when at that instant
The Trumpets sound a Charge ; my Soldiers crie,
Where is our Leader ? where's *Antonio* ?
My Love a while disputed with my Honor,
But that the longer settled Power o'r-came,
And fear of Future danger to her Person
Made me then seek the Present for my self ;

The Adventures of Five Hours.

I came up to my Troops, left in Reserve,
As they were ready to receive a Charge
From divers Squadrons of fresh Horse, who being
Quarter'd in Neighbouring Villages, had taken
Hotly th' Alarm, and came (though then too late)
In succour of their friends; Honor and Love
Had so inflam'd my heart, that I advanc'd
Beyond the Rules of Conduct, and receiv'd
So many wounds, that I with faintness fell.

Os. How can this Story end!

Ant. My Soldiers beat th' Enemy, and brought me off,
Where Surgeons quickly cur'd my Outward Wounds,
But the remembrance of that *Heroine*,
My Inward Hurts kept bleeding still afresh;
Till by the business of the War constrain'd
To attend my Charge i'th' Army, my despair
Of ever finding her, concurring with
The powerful perswasions of *Vellada*,
I was at length even forc'd to an Engagement
Of Marriage with a Lady of this City,
Rich, Noble, and, as they say, Beautiful.
And so you have me here, come to Consummate
Those Nuptial Rites, to which my Interest,
And th' Importunity of Friends advice,
O're-rule my judgment, though against my heart.

Os. A wonderful Adventure! but pray, Sir,
May I not take the liberty to ask you,
Who may this noble Lady be, to whom
The Fates have destin'd so much Happiness?

Ant. I have no Reserves for you, 'tis the Sister
Of-----

Enter

The Adventures of Five Hours.

*Enter Ernesto, and Octavio re-
tires hastily, and covers his face
with his Cloak.*

Antonio nodding to Octavio.

It is my Servant, Sir.

*Of. Step to Antonio, Diego, and desire him
To send him off.*

*Ant. I will immediately ; Well, Ernesto, { Diego goes to
What good news ? speak freely. { Antonio, and
whispers.*

*Ern. Sir, as you charg'd me, I told your Brother-in-Law,
I thought you hardly could be there this night ;
He kisses your hands, and bad me tell you,
That he expects your coming with impatience ;
He charg'd me to present you with this Letter ;
Th'other is from your beauteous Bride, a person
The most accomplish'd that I ever saw.
My being yours gave me the privilege
Of a Domestick, in the free admission
To see her in her Chamber-dress, without
A Veil, either to cover Faults, or hide
Perfections.*

Ant. Tell me truly, is she so very handsom ?

*Ern. Handsomer far in my opinion, Sir,
Than all the Brussels Beauties, which you call
The Finish'd Pieces ; but I'll say no more ;
Let your own Eyes inform you ; here's a Key
Of the Apartment, that's made ready for you ;
A Lower Quarter, very nobly furnish'd,
That opens on St. Vincent's Street.*

*Ant. Give it me ; and go you to the Post-house,
And take care that my things be brought from thence.*

[Exit Ernesto.

Octavio, will you go along with me,

And

The Adventures of Five Hours.

And be a Witnefs of my first Address?

Os. Sir, you choole in me an Ill Companion
For Nuptial Joys, or any Happiness;
One, whose Misfortunes to such sad Extremes
Are heightned, that the very Mentioning
Of Happy hours serves onely to Imbitter
The memory of my Lost Joys.

Ant. So deep a sense of your Misfortunes, Sir,
Is prejudicial to your Self and Friends.

Enter Flora in haste.

Flo. Where's your Master, *Diego*?

Die. There's some Ill towards, when this Bird appears, *Aside.*
Do you not see him? y' have liv'd too long a Maid.

Flo. I have something to say to you in private, Sir,
That requires haste. *[Goes to Octavio]*

[She draws Octavio aside, and puts up her tablet.]

Os. What new Accident brings you hither, *Flora*?

Flo. These Tablets will inform you, Sir, Farewell.

Die. Will you not stay for an Answer *Damsel*?

Flo. 'Tis a Command, not a Question *Diego*.

Die. Short, and Sweet, *Flora*.

Os. Good *Flora* stay a Minute; I much fear
It is some new Misfortune.

Die. Nay, Sir, you may be sure 'tis some Disaster,
Else it would ne'r have come so Easily,
And so Unsought for.

Os. Will you allow me for a Moment, Sir, *{ Bowing to Antonio,*
To step into my House, and read a Letter.

Ant. I attend you in, and wait your leisure.

[Exeunt all but Diego.]

Die. These little black Books do more Devils raise,
Than all the Figures of the Conjurers.

What

The Adventures of Five Hours.

What can this be ? I have not seen this *Damsel*
With so busie a face ; but here she comes
Already, 'twas a quick dispatch.

Enter Flora, and seems to go away in haste.

Die. A Word, *Flora*, or a kind Glance at least,
What ? grown cruel ? *Diego* no body w'you ?

Flo. This is no time for fooling.

Die. Nay, if you be so serious, fare you well ;
Yet I'll perform the Honor of our Street,
And bring you to the end on't.

Flo. I shall be well help up with such a Squire ;
If now some wandring Knight should chance t'assault you,
To bear away your *Damsel*, what would you do ?

Die. I'd use no other Weapon but a Torch ;
I'd put aside your Veil, show him your face,
That, I suppose, would guard us both.

Flo. Why, d'you think it would fright him, *Diego* ?

Die. Oh no, 'twould charm him, *Flora*.

Flo. Well, such as 'tis, I'll venture it without
Engaging your known Valour.

Die. Faith you may so ;
The face, dear *Flora*, defends all below.

Flo. Away, you Fool ; Good-night to you.

[*Exit Flora.*

Enter Octavio and Antonio.

Oct. What may this be ? O my Malignant Fate !
The Warning's short, yet she must be Obey'd ;
The hour draws near ; I must go seek a Friend ;
Her words seem to imply need of a Second ;
'Twere barbarous to engage *Antonio*
Newly arriv'd, and come on such an Errand.

} *Aside.*

Noble

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Noble *Antonio*, my confusion's great
To tell you thus abruptly, I must leave you;
Th'occasion's indispenfable.

Ant. I must not quit you, Sir, I know too well
The Laws of Honor, to defer you now;
When I my friend in fuch diforder fee,
And all the Marks that he is call'd to Danger,
To leave him then-----

Or. It is a Summons from a Lady, Sir,
Whom I have lov'd with Paſſion and Succeſs;
To meet her in her Garden preſently:
All is propitious on her part and mine;
But ſhe's ſo Guarded by a Tyrant Brother,
So Jealous naturally, and ſo Incens'd
By that new Accident I told you of,
Which makes me a cloſe Priſoner all the day;
That to perſwade you there no Danger is
In this Adventure, were to abuſe you;
But even for that reaſon I am bound
Not to conſent to the Imbarking you
In an occaſion that's ſo oppoſite
To what you come for; *Antonio*, We muſt
As well to Friends as to our-Selves be juſt.

Ant. He ought not to pretend to Friendſhip's name,
Who reckons not Himſelf and Friend the ſame.

Or. Friendſhip with Juſtice muſt not diſagree,
That were to break the Virtue's Harmony.

Ant. Who in his Friends Diſtreſſes takes no part,
His Friendſhip's only in his Tongue, not Heart.

Or. You from a life of Perils hither come
To find a Nuptial Bed, not ſeek a Tomb.

Ant. My Friend engag'd, it never muſt be ſaid,
Antonio left him ſo to go to Bed.

The Adventures of Five Hours.

Or, Y'are marri'd, and expose what's not your own.

Ant. Wedded to Honor, that must yield to none.

Or, I find, Antonio, you must still submit.

Ant. I know my Triumph to my Cause, not You.

Come, we lose time; your Mistress must not stay.

Or, Who's so accompani'd, needs not fear his way.

THE THIRD ACT.

THE SCENE IS,

DON HEARQUE'S House.

Camilla, Porcia, Flavia, and Beltrame.

Por. Come, Cozin, the hour assign'd approaches.

Cam. Nay, more than so, for 'tis already night.

Flo. And thanks to your Stars sufficiently dark.

Por. To the Clouds you would say, Flavia, for Stars.

In this occasion, would not much befriend us.

Pray, Cozin, when Orsino shall arrive.

Do you and Flavia watch above with care.

For if my cruel Brother should surpris us.

Cam. Let us alone to play the Sembrada.

Flo. I'm confident his approach, and will not

Suddenly return, for I heard him say

He'd pass th' Evening at the Corridors.

And thence, you know, he seldom comes home.

The Adventures of Five Hours

Enter Antonio, Octavio, and Diego, with their cloaks on their faces, and their Swords undrawn in their hands.

Ant. Is it not something early for Adventurers
Of this Nature?

Oct. 'Tis the Hour the appointed.

Ant. How dark the grow is, and hidden, there's not one
Star appears in all the Firmament.

Die. So much the better; for what Dark night
I covet no Spectators of my Prowess.

Oct. Stay you here, Antonio, I'll step before
And give the Sign; when you see the door open,
Then come on, and follow me in.

Enter at the other side of the Stage Hensique and Carlos.

Hem. The Obsequies is a pretty place.

Car. The Walks do so intice me, I'll stay
Wearie my self, before I can retire.

Hem. Indeed we have staid longer than we thought
And therefore let's go home the shorter way,
The back door of my Garden's here at hand.

Car. It will be better than to go about.

Por. Would he were come, I fear the Rising Moon
Will give us all the time.

[Octavio knocks upon the door of his Garden.]

Por. I think I hear his usual knock; who's there?

[Enter from the Balconie.]

Oct. 'Tis I.

Por. I hope you are not alone.

Oct. No; here's Diego with me, and a Friend.

Por. 'Tis well; I'll open the door presently. I'll come down.

Hem. Come, we are now hard by the Garden gate.

Oct. Let's to the door; sure she's there by this time;

Be not afraid Diego.

The Adventures of Five Hours.

Die. Agree that with him that made me, who has
Given me a Heart no bigger than my Thumb;
Y'had as good command me not to Breathe.

Os. Come on; what art thou thinking on?

Die. That I see Company, or that my Fear does.

Os. Y' are in the right; let's to avoid suspicion ^{The mist of}
Walk on at large, till they are out of distance. ^{a lock}

Car. I think I heard your Garden door open.

Hem. I think so too; Ha! at this time o'th night?
What can be the meaning on't? 'Tis so.

Ant. They have open'd the door; 'tis time for me
To follow; surely *Osavio* is gone in,

[Antonio moves towards the door.]

Por. What stay you for? *[Holding the door half open.]*

Hem. What's that I hear? sure 'tis *Porcia's* voice.

Por. What mean you to stand there? come in, I say.

Hem. Hell and Furies! *[He goes to draw his sword.]*

Carl. Be patient, Sir, and you will make a clearer
Discovery of your Affront.

Por. You may come in securely, *Osavio*;

[Setting open the door.]

I have set those will watch my Brothers coming.

Ant. Madam, I am not *Osavio*.

Por. Not *Osavio*? who are you then? and who's
That Shadow there?

Hem. I can hold no longer; I'm thy Chastiser, ^{Draws}
Vile Woman, and thy Mortal Enemy. ^{this sword}

Ant. Ha! my Mortal Enemy?

Hem. Yes, Villain; who ere thou art, thou shalt pay
This Treachery with thy Life.

Ant. Vain Man; who ere thou art, know, the Life thou
Threaten'st, is Guarded by too good a Sword.

Carlos

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} Carlos draws, and they all enter the
Garden fighting.

Henr. Make fast the door.

[To Carlos.

Henr. Thou art some desperate Villain hir'd to murder.

[In the Garden.

[Octavio and Diego come to the door.

Ant. Hir'd by Friendship, and Honor's my Sallary.

[A noise of fighting within.

Os. That's Antonio's voice within the Garden ;
What! the door shut ! my Friend engag'd, and I
Excluded ! cursed Fate ! this Tree may help me
To climb o're ; if not, I'll flie t' him.

Die. You may do so ; your noble Love has Wings,
And's ever Fledge ; 'tis Molting time with mine ;
Yet I'll up too ; the hazards not in climbing ,
Here I will sit, and out of dangers reach
Expect the Issue.

The Scene changes to a Garden, out of
which they issue fighting.

Os. Courage, brave Friend ; you have Octavio by you.

Ant. So Seconded, a Coward would grow firm.

Henr. What ! is there more of your true ? then 'tis time
To call for help ; Ho ! Sylvio, Geraldo,
Pedro, come forth, and bring our Torches with you.

Enter Sylvio with his Sword drawn.

Sylv. Here am I, Sir ; my Camerades will follow
As soon as they have lighted their Torches.

Ant. How I despise these Slaves Octavio ,
Having you by me !

Die. Their Swords do clatter bravely in the dark.

Sylv. I'm slain.

[Sylvio falls.

Die. Good

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Die. Good that's *Sylvio's* voice; I have ow'd that Fellow
A Good-turn this Twelve-month for a Mistake,
Broaking my Head, when he should have Broke a Jeast;
Now he's paid.

*[Henrique stepping back falls over Sylvio, and
loses his Sword, and Carlos runs in to him.]*

Car. What have you hurt?

Hen. No, only I fell; Help me to find my Sword.

Os. What do you give back, you do well to take breath,
Whilst you have any left; 'twill not be long,
Now that the Rising Moon lends us some light.

*[The rising
Moon appears
in the sky.]*

Por. *[Octavia]* let not this moment slip

To Free me from my cruel Brother's Fury,
Or never hope to see me any more
Amongst the living.

[Octavia leads her away by the Arm.]

Os. Ah! Noble Maid, he that is once possess'd
Of such a Treasure, and safe-guards it not,
Let him live Wretched, and Deseasted die;

Where's my brave Friend?

Ant. You have me by your side, lead off your Mistress,

I'll secure your Retreat.

[Exeunt Octavia, Porcia, and Antonio.]

Die. That doubtless is my Master, who victorious,

[In the Tree, pointing to those who are going off.]

Is bravely marching off with his fair Prizes,
I'll down, and follow, inventing all the way
Some handsome Lie to excuse my Cowardice;
Why liv'd not I five thousand years ago,
Being ne'r made for this damn'd Iron Age?

*[Diego comes down from the Tree,
and follows Antonio.]*

Car. But

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Car. But whilst my care led me to succour you, ^{{ Having}
Our Enemies, I fear, are got away; ^{be'd up}
I heard the door open, and see none here; ^{{ Henrique.}
Although the Night's much brighter grown than 'twas;
I'll follow, and trace the Villains if I can
To their Dens; mean while take care of your Sister;
And (pray) till my return be Moderate.
Henr. How! Moderation in this case! what ho! *Diego*
Geraldo, *Pedro*, ah ye cursed Rogues,

Enter Servants with Torches.
Durst ye not shew your heads till they were gone?
Geraldo, light me in, whilst *Pedro* looks
To his hurt Companion; ah *Portia*, *Portia*!
[{] *Exeunt Henrique and Geraldo*; *Pedro* carries out
Sylvio fainting with his hurts.

The Scene Changes to the City of S EVEL.

Enter Octavio, Porcia, Antonio, and a little after Diego,
and after him Carlos.

Die. Sure, that's *Antonio* bringing up the Rere; ^{{ Pointing to}
Sir, that's but just before us; he bears her ^{{ Carlos}
Most gallantly away; lo! not fight of me.

Car. This Fellow takes me for one of his Crew;
He will by his mistake help me to harbour ^{{ Exeunt.}

[*Camilla and Flora appear in the Balcony.*
The Scene changes to *Don Henrique's House.*

Cam. Was there ever such a Disaster, *Flora*?

Sure

The Adventures of Five Hours.

Sure, th'are all dead, so great's the Silence.

Flo. Madam, if I mistake not very much,
I heard your Brother's voice amongst 'em.

Cam. Ah! my dear Brother, how thy ill-plac'd Friendship
Upon that Brutal Kinsman has abus'd
Thy Goodness; though my Natural affection
Moves me, *Flora*, to Pitty him in Danger,
Yet my Concernment for my Cozin *Porcia*
Does prevail at present; *Porcia, Porcia*;
No body answers.

Flo. Madam, let us go down into the Garden.

Cam. Take heed of that; 'twere to involve my self
In this unlucky Scandal; 'tis possible,
Affrighted with the Scuffle, she's return'd
Into her Quarter by the other door;
Let us hast thither.

[*They go down and enter upon the Stage.*]

Flo. Oh! Madam, I see a Light, and *Don Henrique*
Coming this way with his Sword drawn, what shall
We do?

Cam. Peace; let us hide our selves behind the door,
Till we discover his Intentions.

*Enter Henrique, and Geraldo with a Torch, and Pedro with
a Light; Henrique and Geraldo their Swords drawn.*

Pedr. Sir, I have search'd all the Rooms of the House,
And cannot find her.

Henry. Bafe Infamous Woman; may be she's fled
To th' Quarter order'd for *Antonio*.

Pedr. That door is lock'd, his Servant has the Key.

Henry. Ah this unworthy Woman! thus to rob
A Brother of the Fruits of all his Care;
And cast this Stain on th' Honor of our House;

But

The Adventures of Five Hours.

But if ever get the Fugitive
Within my reach, I'll sacrifice her Blood
To the Offended Spirit of my Ancestors.
Flo. Heaven, if you hear me
Cam. I, and tremble, Flore.
Henr. Call out for her Woman.

Pedr. Flore, Flore
Enter Flore.

Flo. My good Angel Guard me, what would you have, Sir?
Henr. Where's your Mistress, Hussy?
Flo. She told me, Sir, but half an hour since
She would go down into the Garden.

Henr. My Shame is certain, oh! the sad condition
Of us Men of Honor! how unequally
Our Crosses and our Comforts mingled are!
Our Orphan Sisters are no sooner grown
Above the Follies of their Childish Age,
During which Season Custom does exact
Our Watchful Caution over all their Actions;
But they are Grafted on some Stranger Stock,
Where they do change both their Abode and Names,
Without Reflexion in the least Degree
Of Gratitude, on those, who Pain'd themselves
To Cultivate their Youths; or else become
An Hourly Torture to us, while the best part
Continu'd in our Care, do never cease
To give the Fears at least of what I feel.
O unjust Heavens! why suffer you that they,
Who to our Joys of Life such Bubbles are,
Should add such Weight unto our Griefs, and Care?
Ah Porcia, Porcia!

The Adventures of Five Hours.

Enter Carlos.

Car. Cozin, I'm much mistaken, or I have
In very Little time made a Great Progress
Towards your Revenge; I come from harbouring
The Villains, who have done you this Affront.

Can. It imports to be attentive now.

Henr. Oh, you revive me, may I but once enjoy
The Pleasure of my Revenge, though the next
Moment were the last Period of my Life,
I should depart contented; are the Villains

Within our reach?

Car. Be patient, Sir, and I'll inform you fully;
You were no sooner up, but I pursu'd
Your flying Enemies, hoping the night
Grown somewhat Lighter, would enable me
(At a convenient distance) to discover
The place of their Retreat; one of their Parties
Who was behind the rest, mistaking me
For one of his Camerades, bad me come on
Saying his Master was but just before;
That he had born his Master bravely off.
We had not pass'd above a Street or two
Before he stop'd, and at the second House
Beyond the Church in St. Iago's Street,

He enter'd, and desir'd me to follow him
I making a Stand, he grew suspicious,
And from my Silence guessing his Mistake
He slip't into the House, and lock'd the door;
I having well observ'd the Street and House,
Return'd with speed to give you this account.

Fla. Oh, Madam, this is Don Officio's House,
Without all doubt they've carri'd Portia thither.

Can. Peace, Flora, and listen to the sequel.

Hen. Come,

The Adventures of Five Hours.

Hen. Come, Cozins, we loole time; call all my Servants;
I will besiege the House; if they refuse
To render, I will reduce that Threat
Of my Shame to Ashes, and make their Fort
Both Theirs and its own Sepulchre; There are
Such Charms in Vengeance, that I do not wonder,
It is reserv'd for him, who form'd the Thunder.

Car. Have patience, Cozins, and consult your Reason;
'Twill soon convince you, how Unpracticable
And Vain your Proposition is, 'attempt
At this time of the night, within a City,
A House so Guarded, That, indeed, would prove
Very like Thunder, which the Cloud destroys:
Wherein 'twas form'd, producing onely Noise.
What can the Issue be, but to Allarm
The Town; expose your Person, and your Fortune
To th' Rigour of the Law; publish your Shame;
And frustrate your Revenge for ever?

Henr. What! would you have me tarry till these Villains,
Who have invaded my House; Affronted
My Person; Murder'd my Servant; and Robb'd
Me of a Sister; may evade my Vengeance?

Car. No; feare not that; let me alone to find
A certain way to hinder their escape;
I'll instantly to the Corrigidors,
And beg th' assistance of his Authority,
To secure these Criminals for the present;
That afterwards the Law may punish them.

Henr. A fine Proposal! why, Cozins, can you think
That I'll submit a Personal Injury
Unto a tame Decision of the Law;
And having been Affronted by the Sword,
To pray the Aid of the Long Robe, and take

The Adventures of Fanny Hill

An Advocate for Second

Car. Your Provocation's great, *Revenge* must be just
But, *Cozin*, the Greater they, the More you stand
In need of Moderation, and this Advice I offer to you
Of such a Friend, as you have always found me;
Nor can I express it more than now,
In freely telling you, you must not suffer
Your Passion to command in this Occasion;
"Passion, which would ever condemn"

"To Govern most, there most *Distrays* its Ends"

Hem. Oh! how I hate your dear *Moralists*
To treat a Friend with Sentences! that's raging
In a Fever; you may as well pretend
To teach a Man to sing his Part, that's stretch'd
Upon a Rack; no, Sir, I'll sooner die
Than ever consent to publish my Disgrace;
Before I have *Revenge* discharge

Car. 'Tis far from my intent, all my Design
Is only how we may conceal your Shame;
Till we have got these Villains in our Power,
Which can be brought about by no such means
As by demanding Justice against those men
Who did assault your Person, and have stain'd
Your Servant; a most plausible presence
Will this content you? trust my Conduct *Cozin*;

Is not my Interest the same with yours?

Hem. Well, since it must be so, I pray make haste

Car. Doubt not my Diligence; by this I'll prove
Friendship has Fire, and Wings as well as Love

Hen. If you could Fly, you'd move with too much Leisure
Ah tedious Minutes which *Revenge* does measure

Flo. Madam, you have heard their mischievous design

Cam. Yes,

The Twelfth of Five Hours

Cam. Yes, *Flo.* 4, out of question *Porcia* is there; and I can
And if they find her, she is lost for ever. I now you bring o'r
Flo. I'll try to hinder it, though I may futeno and VV
To Perish in th' attempt, all my confidence is on my mistress
The House at present is in such confusion, A third you noo'd
I may run thither without being miss'd. I who ord oml
Cam. 'Tis well thought on, with interim, I'll write
To *Porcia's* Chamber, and I hope *Exeunt from behind the door*

Enter Gerardo.

Ger. Sir, *Don Antonio* is just now arriv'd, and to me stood
Hem. Ha! what's that you say *Sir*, and colour flush oml
Ger. That *Don Antonio* (Sir) your Brother-in-law, *Mort*
Is without, walking i' th' Hall, and bad me to go to him
Give you notice of it, shall he come in?

Hem. *Antonio* arriv'd! O Heavens! this Circumstance
Alone was wanting to complete my Shame; but I must not
When he desires to See his Wife, shall I
My self inform so generous a Person

That she is Run away? where shall I find
A Heart, a Tongue, a Voice, or Breath, on *Face* I
To utter this unparallel'd Disgrace?

Ger. What is your pleasure, *Sir*, *Don Antonio* will
May think it long.

Hem. Wait on him in, but at the same time tell him
You cannot find me; I will leave my House;
And the discovery of my Shame to *Heaven*, I have
And any Confusion rather undergo,
Than be Relater of my own Disgrace;
Till first I have my *Honor's* Ransom paid
In the Vile Blood of that perfidious Maid.

Exit Henriquez

Enter Antonio and Ernesto

Ant. My Friend and his fair Mistress safely lodg'd,

And

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And free from their Adventure; 'tis now fit
To mind my own Engagement; But *Ernesto*,
What can the meaning be of this indecent
Suffering me to remain without that long
Upon my first Arrival? come, let's go on
Into the other Rooms.

Ern. If wear, Sir, I'm amaz'd at this great change;
'Tis not above two hours, since I found here
A numerous and well-order'd Family,
In all appearance, now I see the Pages
Boul't out of the doors, then start back again
Into their holes, like Rabbits in a Warren;
The Maids lie peeping at the Garter windows,
Like th' Upper Tide of Ordinance in a Ship;
All looks disorder'd now; nor can I guess
What may have caus'd so strange an alteration;
But there I see the Servant you fear in.

Enter Geraldo.

Ant. Friend, where's your Master?

Ger. I cannot tell, Sir.

Ant. Where is his Sister?

Ger. In truth I know not, Sir; we Men-servants
Have little to do in the Ladies Quarters.

[*Exit Geraldo.*]

Ant. This looks but oddly; are you sure *Ernesto*,
Y have not misguided me to a wrong House?

Ern. If you are certain that we are awake,
Then I am certain this is the same House
Wherein this afternoon I saw, and spoke with
Don Henrique and your Bride; by the same Token
There was a Lady with her in a Veil;
And this very Room is the Ante-chamber

To

The Adventures of Five Hours

To her Apartment.

Ant. I should be finely serv'd, if I durst all.

This Negotiation, and a tedious Journey.

My Pains and Patience should be cast away.

On some such wither'd *Spy* for a Wife.

As her own Brother is ashamed to show me.

Fernando Goes towards the doore.

Ern. You'll soon be freed from that fear, Sir.

Ant. How so?

Ern. Because I see her in the Inner Room,

Lying along upon her Couch, and Reading.

Her face is turn'd the other way, but yet

Her Shape, and Cloaths assure me it is she.

Ant. Art sure 'tis she?

Ern. There are not many like her.

Ant. If thou be'st sure 'tis she, I'll venture in

Without her Brother's help to introduce me.

Ern. She's coming this way, Sir.

Camilla Enters Reading.

Cam. Y' have reason, *Dido*, and 'tis well remark'd.

"The Woman, who suffers her self to Love,

"Ought likewise to prepare her self to Suffer;

There was great Power in your Charms, *Ern.*

T'enthral a Ladies heart in first approach

And make such easy and such deep Impressions,

That nothing, but her death, could ere deface.

Alas! poor *Dido*!

Ant. What do I see; or do I waking dream?

Antonio seeing her stands in amazement.

Sure I am asleep; and 'tis a Vision

Of her, who's always present to my Thoughts.

Who fearing my Revolt does now Appear

To

The Adventure of Five Noats

To Prove and to Confirm my Constancy
When first I saw this wondrous sight

An Apparition, *Ern.* What is this? *Cam.* A vision of a Maid

Ern. What is she? *Cam.* A vision of a Maid
A Lovely Living Woman, and your Bride

Ant. The Blessing God sends for my Faith

Ern. Faith is the root of all our Faith in this occasion

Approach her boldly, Sir, and trust your Soul

Ant. As when we dream of some Transporting Pleasure,

And finding that we Dream we fear to Wake,

Left Sense should tell us of our Bandie's treachery

And our Delightful Vision from us take

Bless'd Apparition, do not fear to show

That very Angel does once more appear

To whose Divinity long since I paid

An Altar in my Heart, where I have Offer'd

The constant Sacrifice of Sighs and Vows

My eyes are open, yet I dare not trust 'em;

Bliss above Faith must pass for an Illusion;

If such it be, O let me sleep for ever

Happily I sleep, I have Celestial Maid

If this thy glorious Presence be

O let one word of Thy raise my Soul

From Visional Delights, and make me die

With Solid Joy instead of Ecstasies

Ern. Slife that is one of his old Fies again

Why what d'you mean, Sir? 'tis Parson herself

Cam. I am that Maid, who to your Virtue owes

Her Honor then, and her Disquiet since

Yet in my Pain I cannot but be Pleas'd

To find a Stronger Passion than I was

By Obligation, I may grow the Fire

To which both Love and Gratitude conspire

Ant. Incom-

The Adventures of Five Hours.

Ant. Incomparable Creature! can it be?

That having Suffer'd all, which mighty Love
Did e'r inflict, I now should be repaid
With fuller Joys, than Love could ever give;
Fortune to make my Happiness complete,
Has joyn'd her Power, and made me find a Bride
In a Lost Mistress, but with this Allay,
Of leaving me no Means my Faith to prove,
Since Chance anticipates the Hopes of Love.

Cam. The Servant's Error has misled the Master,
He takes me too for *Parcia*, bless'd Mistake;
Assist me now Artful Dissimulation;
But how can that consist with so much Passion?
'Tis possible the Sense of my Distress'd
Condition might dispose a Gentle heart
To take Impressions then, which afterwards
Time, and your second Thoughts may have Destroy'd;
But can a Constant Passion be produc'd
From those Ideas Pity introduc'd?
Let your Tongue speak your Heart, for should y' abuse me,
I shall in time discover the Deceit;
You may Paint Fire, *Antonio*, but not Heat.

Ant. Madam-----

Cam. Hold; be not too Scrupulous, *Antonio*;
Let me Believe it, though it be not True;
For the chief Happiness, poor Maids receive,
Is when our Selves we happily Deceive.

Ant. If, since I first those Conquering Eyes beheld,
You have not reign'd Unrival'd in my Heart;
May you Despise me now you are my Own;
Which is, I think, all Curses summ'd in one.
But may your Servant, *Madam*, take the boldness
To ask, if you have ever thought of him?

The Adventures of Five Hours.

Cam. A Love, so founded in a Noble Heart; I have
Has need of no Remembrance; *Antonio*, thus, I give you
You know your self too well; those of your Trade's big
Have skill to Hold, as well as to invade, you shall not

Ant. Fortune has lifted me to such a Height
Of Happiness, that it may Turn my Brain; but I will not
When I look down, upon the rest of this World; I find
What have I now to wish but Moderation; I give you
To Temper, and to Fix my Joys; I shall not

Cam. I yield as little to you, noble *Antonio*, as I will
In Happiness, as Affliction; but still I will not
Porcia must do as may become your Bride; I will not
And Sister to *Don Henrique*, in whose absence
A longer Conference must be excus'd; I will not
And so I take the freedom to withdraw; I will not
Should I have staid unill *Don Henrique* came; I will not
His presence would have marr'd my whole design; *Aside*

Ant. Where Beauty and Discretion so combine;
'Tis Heaven, I think, to find that Treasure mine;

Enter Henrique.

Henr. Sure *Don Antonio*, having long ere this
Found out th' infamous Flight of my vile Sister;
Will be retir'd to meditate Revenge
Upon us both; ah Curse! he is there still;
I'll slip away; but, O Heavens! 'tis too late;
He has perceiv'd me;

Ant. How, *Don Henrique*! avoid your Friend, that's come
So long a Journey to embrace you, and can
Himself at the feet of your false Sister

Henr. Noble *Antonio*, you may well imagine
The trouble I am in, that you should find

My

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My House in such Disorder, so unfit
The Honor to receive such a Guest

Ant. 'Tis true, *Don Henrique*; I am much surpris'd
With what I find; I little did expect
Your Sister *Porcia* should have been

Henr. Oh Heavens! I'm lost, he has discover'd all, I find
'Tis not, *Antonio*, in a Brother's power
To make a Sister of a better Fate,
Than Heaven has made her.

Ant. In your case specially; for out of doubt
Heaven never made a more Accomplish'd Creature

Henr. What means the Man?

Ant. I come just now from Entertaining her
Whose Wit, and Beauty so excell all those
Of her fair Sex, whom I have ever known
That my Description of her would appear
Rather Detraction, than a just Report
Of her Perfections.

Henr. Certainly he mocks me; he never could
Have chosen a worse Sufferer; oh Scorn!
But I will yet contain myself awhile
To see how far he'll drive it; Say you Sir,
That you have seen, and Entertain'd my Sister?

Ant. Yes, *Don Henrique*, and with such full Contentment,
So rais'd above Expression, that I think
The Pains, and Cares of all my former Life
Rewarded with Excess, in the Delight
Of those few Minutes of her Conversation;
'Tis true, that Satisfaction was abridg'd
By her well-weighted Severity; to give me
A greater Pleasure in the Contemplation
Of her discreet Observance of the Rules
Of Decency; not suffering me, though now

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Her Husband, any longer to enjoy
So great a Happiness, you being absent.

Henr. I am confounded; but I must dissemble
My Astonishment, till I can unfold
The Myserie; She might have spar'd that Caution, } *Aside.*
But I suppose you'll easily Forgive
An Error on the Better side.

Ant. Sir, I have seen so much of her Perfections
In that short Visit, I shall sooner doubt
All Definitions in Morality;
Than once suppose her capable of Error.

Henr. This Exposition makes it more Obscure! } *Aside.*
I must get him away. Sir, is't not time
I bring you to your Chamber? it is late,
And I believe that you have need of Rest.

Ant. I should accept your offer, were I not
Oblig'd, as late as 'tis, to see a Friend
Before I go to Bed.

Henr. I'll wait on you, Sir, if you'll give me leave.

Ant. I humbly thank you, Sir, but can't consent
To give you so much trouble; I'll return
Within an hour at farthest.

Henr. When e'r you please; y'are wholly Master here.

Ant. I never saw a man so Discompos'd, } *Aside.*
What e'r the matter is.

Ernesto. I must make a step to see
A Friend near hand; bid *Sancho* follow me;
And stay you in my Chamber till I come.

[*Exeunt Antonio, Ernesto.*]

Henr. Your Servant, Sir; this sudden Salley hence

[*Henrique waits on him to the door.*]

At this time of the night, and newly arriv'd
From a long Journey, does imbroil me; more.

But

The Adventures of Five Hours.

But now I will not long be in Suspense
I'll to my Sister's Chamber.

Enter Carlos as Henrique is going into Porcia's Chamber.

Carl. Ho *Don Henrique*, there is haste requir'd; all's
Prepar'd, and if the Quarrie lodg'd shall prove
Worthy of our own Swords, we may employ them;
If not, the Sword of Justice shall revenge
Our Injuries; for the *Corrigidor*.

Is ready with a Band of Serjeants,

Henr. Speak softly; *Don Antonio* is arriv'd,
And some of his may over-hear us.

Carl. That's very unlucky, but does he know
That *Porcia's* missing?

Henr. I think not yet.

Carl. Come, let's away; we have no time to lose.

Henr. Pray stay awhile; I labour with a Doubt
Will burst me if not clear'd before I go.

Carl. What Cozin! will you loose an Opportunity
Never to be recover'd? are you mad?
Will you permit the Villains to escape,
And laugh at us for ever? come away.

[He pulls him.]

[Exit Carlos.]

Henr. Well, I must go; and let time make it out;
"The worst Estate of Human Life is Doubt."

The Adventures of Five Hours.

THE FOURTH ACT.

The SCENE is Octavio's House.

DO NOT OBTAIN *Octavio's House*

Enter Octavio, angry, passing Diego, and Porcia following.

O. Villain, thou hast undone us, cursed Villain;
Where was thy Soul, had Fear cure Banished it?
And left thee not one grain of common Sense?

Porc. Was there ever so fatal an Accident?

O. Why, Traitor, didst thou not let me know it?
As soon as we were come into the House?
Die. What would you have done if ye had known it then?

O. I would have fall'd out, and Kill'd the Rogue;
In whole Power thou hast put it to Destroy us;

Can it be doubted, but that long ere this
He has acquainted Henrique where we are?

From whose black Rage we must immediately
Expect to encounter all the pernicious

Effects of Malice, back'd by Seeming Justice;

Curse on all Cowards! better far be serv'd

By Fools, and Knaves, they make less dangerous Faults.

Die. Am I in fault, because I'm not a Cat?

How could I tell it's dark whether that Rascal

Was a Knight Errant, or a Recreant Knight?

I thought him one of us, and true to Love;

Were it not for such Accidents as these

That mock Man's Fore-cast, sure the Destinies

Had ne'r been plac'd amongst the Deities.

O. Peace, cowardly Slave; having thus plaid the Rogue,
Art

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Art thou Sententious grown, did I not Fear
Thy Stain my Sword with such Base Blood, I'd let
Thy Soul out with it at a thousand wounds.

Die. VVhy then a thousand Thanks to my Base Blood
For saving my Good Flesh.

Os. Pardon, my dearest Mistress, this Excess
Of Passion in your presence.

Por. What shall we do *Osario*? we are lost
For ever; if we should stay here, my Brother
Will be upon us instantly. Alas!

My own Life I value not *Osario*, but
Where yours, my Better life, such hazard runs;
But O my Honor! O my Innocence!
Expos'd to Scandal; there's my deepest Sinner.

Os. Though the Complexion of your Brother's Malice
Resemble Hell, it is not Black enough
To cast a Stain upon your Virgin Whiteness;
As Contraries compar'd set off each other;
The Sister's Brightness will expose the Brother.

Por. O my *Osario*! he is still my Brother;
But what do you resolve to do?

Os. I must resolve and suddenly, but what
I swear I know not, there have been such Turns
In my Misfortunes, they have made me giddy.

Por. You must determine, time wastes *Osario*.

Os. If I should lead you through the Streets, and meet
Th'inquisitive Justice, I daring not
T'avow my self upon the other score.

You know of, you might that way be in danger;
We must not venture to * Run Rascal, and fetch
A Chair immediately.

Die. A pretty Errand at this time of the night;
These Chair-men are exceedingly well natur'd;

Will

Th'are

The Adventures of Five Hours.

Th'are likely to obey a Servant's Orders
After ten a clock, *[Exit Diego.]*

OS. Ye Powers above, why do ye lay so great
A Weight on Human Nature, and bestow
Such an Unequal Force to bear our Loads?
After a long pursuit through all those Storms,
Which Hell-bred Malice, or the Power of Fate
Could ever raise, to oppose a Noble Love;
To be at length possess'd of the Rich Mine,
Where Nature seem'd to have lodg'd all her Treasure;
And in an instant have it ravish'd from me,
Is too rude a Trial for my tir'd Patience
To sustain; I cannot bear it.

Por. My Sense of this Misfortune Equals yours,
But yet I must conjure you to submit
To Heavens Decrees; such Resignation
'Tis possible, their Justice may induce
The mischief to divert, though ne'r so near.

OS. Ah *Peria* to part with you!

Por. Loose not your self with me, though we are forc'd
To Separate, yet we are not Divorc'd.

OS. Whilst our Souls act by Organs of the Sense,
'Twixt Death and Parting there's no difference.

Por. Consult your Reason, then you will comply;
Making a Virtue of Necessity.

OS. Ah lovely Maid, 'twas not allow'd to love
To hold at once his Reason, and his Love.

Enter Diego.

Die. The Chair is come, Sir, just as I expected.

OS. Where is it?

Die. Even where it was; they are deeply engag'd
At New Cur, and will not leave their Game,

They

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They swear, for all the *Dam* in *Sevil*.

Os. A curse upon these Rogues! I'll make 'em come,
Or put some of 'em in a condition
To be cart'd themselves.

[*Osavio runs out.*]

Die. Madam, though I was never yet Unkind
To my own Person, I am so much troubled
At the Disquiet my Mistake has brought you,
That could I do it conveniently, I faith,
I could even cudgel my self.

Por. Away Buffon, is this a time for fooling?

Enter Antonio and Sancho.

Ant. Where is my noble Friend *Osavio*?

Die. Did you not meet him at the door, Sir?

Ant. No.

Die. He went out just as you came in.

Ant. Madam, I might have gone to Bed, but not

[*Addresses himself to Porcia.*]

To Rest, without returning to enquire
Anew of Yours, and of my Friends Condition,
And once more offer you my Service.

Por. I take the boldness in *Osavio's* absence
To return his with my most humble Thanks
For your late generous Assistance of us,
And for this new Addition to our Debt.

Ant. Madam, though I have not the Happiness
To be Known to you, yet my constant Friendship
With *Osavio* is of an antient Date;
And all Occasions where I may express
The Fervour of it, are most welcome to me.

The Adventures of First Host

Flo. O Madam, I'm out of breath with running.

Por. What Accident, *Flora*, brings you hither?

Flo. A sad one, *Madam*, and requiring haste
To give you timely notice on't; *Don Carlos*
Assisted by the light of the Rising Moon
And by a Mistake of some of your Train,
Has Trac'd you to this House, and in my hearing
Inform'd your Brother of the Place, and Manner
Of your Retreat, who is now coming hither
Accompani'd with the *Corregidor*.

To seize on whomsoever shall be found
Within these Walls, upon pretence of Murder.

Por. O cruel Accident!

Flo. Madam, make haste, get out at the back door;
Or you will certainly be met withall.

Por. How vile a Creature am I now become!
For though in my own Innocence secure,
As to my self, & others I shall appear
Some wicked Woman, that has sold her Honor
To purchase Infamy.

Flo. They'll instantly be here.

Por. O that *Ottavio* should just now be absent!
But to expect till he return were madness.

Ant. Y^e have reason, *Madam*, and if you dare trust
Your Person to the Conduct of a Stranger,
Upon my Honor, Lady, I'll Secure you,
Or Perish in th' Attempt.

Por. Generous Sir, how shall a wretched Maid
Abandon'd by her Fate to the pursuit
Of an Inhumane Brother, e'r be able
Either to Merit, or Requite your Favours?

Ant. Madam,

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Ant. Madam, they're more than Paid in the Admission;
And your Acceptance of them will transfer from you to
The Obligation, making me the Debtor;
Por. To your Protection I resign my self,
With equal Gratitude and Confidence.

Ant. Come Madam, there is no time to be lost;
Diego, find our your Master presently;
And tell him, that the Danger of allowing
Our Stay till his Return; I shall convey
His Mistress safely to a Nunnery.

Por. And *Flora*, stay you here to bring me word
What he resolves to do in this our desperate
Condition.

Flo. Madam, I shall.

Ant. But stay; I swear I'd like to have committed
A foul Mistake in the Monastery Gards;
Will not be open'd at this time of Night,
Without a strict Inquiry into the Cause;
Besides, 'tis possible, that once Lodg'd there,
She may be out of my Friends Power; or mine;
Ever to get her thence if it be known.
Lady, I have thought better on't; I shall
Conduct you to my Brother-in-law's house;
A Person of such Quality, and Honor,
As is fit to engage in your Protection;
And there my Wife may have the Happiness
To accompany you, and pay the Office
Due to your Virtue, and distressed Condition;
And going to a House that's so much my own,
Make account, Madam, as to your own Home;
Sancho, stay you here to attend *Octavio*,
And guide him the next way to my Apartment;
Here is the Key; I shall have little use on't;

The Adventures of Five Hours.

Having left *Ernesto* waiting for me there,
One word more, *Sancho*; let *Osorio* know
'Tis my advice that he come in a Chair;
He by that means may scape Examination,
Should he be met with.

Por. Flora, I pray do you continue here,
And if by any accident *Osorio*
Should hinder be from coming after us,
Observe his Motions, and where he Fixes;
Then return home; and I shall find some way
Of sending to you to inform my self.

Flo. I shall not fail to observe your Orders, *Madam*.

Ant. Madam, I'm ready to wait on you.

Por. Ah cruel Brother! ah my dear *Osorio*!
O how perverse, and rigorous is my Fate!
Thus to torment me betwixt Love and Hate.
[*Exeunt Antonio, Porcia.*]

San. 'Tis no small Compliment my Master makes
Your Ladie, and her Gallant, at this time.
O' th' night to quit his Brother-in-laws, and leave
So fair a Bride as *Porcia* all alone.

Flo. What? is his Milltris's name *Porcia* too?

San. Yes; and if she has but as fair a Hand-maid
As your self, I shall soon forget my Damsel
In the Low-countries.

Flo. If your Low-country Damsels resemble us,
You would not be put to't to forget first;
But I believe that you are safe enough;
I have not heard such Praises of their Wit,
But that we may suppose they have good Memories.

Enter Diego.

Die. Is not my Master yet return'd?

Flo. No.

Die.

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Die. Well; now have we an Honorable Cause
To wear the Beadles Livery; faith, *Flora*,
If your tender Sex had not been privileg'd
From this harsh Discipline, how prettily
Would the Beadles Crimson Lace show upon
Thy white back.

Flo. 'Twon't do so well as on a darker ground;
'Twill suit much better with your Tawney hide.

Saj. I pray, Camerade, is it the Mode in *Sevil*
To be Whip'd for Company?

Die. Oh! a well-bred Soldier will ne'r refuse
Such a Civility to an old Friend;
'This is a new way of being a Second,
To shew your Passive Courage.

San. We Soldiers do not use to show our Backs.

Die. Not to your Enemies; but, Sir, the Beadle
Will prove your Friend, for your Blood being Heated
With your long Journey, Breathing of a Vein
Is very requisite.

San. Would to Heaven that I were in the Camp again;
There we are never stript till we are dead.

Enter Octavio, and the Chair-men appear at the door.

Oct. Be sure you stir not thence till I return. } To the
} Chair-men.
Sirra, where's *Porsia*?

Die. She's fled away i' th' dark, with a Young man
Of your acquaintance.

Oct. Rascal, leave your fooling.

Die. There's none i' th' case, Sir, 'tis the wifest thing
She ever did, had she staid your return,
She would have fall'n into those very Clutches,
In which you will immediately be grip'd,
Unless you make more haste: *Flora* is come

With

The Adventures of Five Hours.

With all possible speed, to let you know
Th'are coming with the Justice to lay hold
Of all within this House; upon pretence
Of a most horrid Murder; be quick, Sir;
And save your self. She's safe in a Nunnerie;
Conducted thither by *Antonio*;
Where, poor Lady, she's dropping for you now
More Beads, perhaps, than Tears.

Os. Peace Screech-Owl; Fire consume that Tongue of thine.
What saist thou Villain? in a Nunnerie?
Porcia in a Nunnerie; O Heavens! nothing
But this was wanting to make me Desperate;
What hope's there left ever to get her thence,
After such Accidents as these made Publique?
Ah *Flora*, is it true that my dear *Porcia*
Is gone into a Monastery?

Flo. Once, Sir, 'twas so resolv'd, and *Diego* sent
To give you notice on't; but afterwards
He being gone, they chang'd their Resolutions;
There's one can tell you more.

San. My Master bad me stay to let you know
He has convey'd her to his own Apartment,
In his Brother-in-laws House, a person
So eminent in Quality, and Credit,
That the ingaging him in her, and your
Protection, Sir, may much avail you both;
Besides, she'll have the pleasure there of being
Very well treated by my Master's Bride.
There he'll expect you, Sir, and does advise
Your coming in a Chair, to avoid Question
In case of any Encounter.

Flo. And my walking by, Sir, as an Attendant,
Will pass you without scruple for a Lady.

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OH. I'll take his counsel, he's a generous Friend.
Come Chair-men, away. * Pray, friend, do you guide us.

[* To Sancho.

Die. Up with your Burden Beasts, and fall forth-with
To your Half-Trot. [Exeunt.

{ The Chair is carri'd over the Stage,
{ Diego, Sancho, and Flora follow.

[A Noise within, Follow, follow, follow.

Enter Carlos, the Corrigidor, and Serjeants, pursuing
Sancho, Flora, and Diego.

Die. This is one of *Dona Cupid's* pretty Jeasts.
W' are struck upon a Shelf before we could
Put out to Sea.

Flo. Oh, we are undone Diego!

Car. You find, Sir, my Conjectures not ill grounded.
[To the Corrigidor.

Cor. What are you, Sirrha?

Die. A Living Creature, very like a Man,
Onely I want a Heart.

Cor. Y^e are pleasant, Sir, pray Heaven your mirth continue.
Who is that Woman with the Veil?

Die. Let her answer for her self, sh' has a Tongue,
Set it but once a going, and she'll tell
All that she knows, and more.

Cor. Make her discover her face.
[One of the Serjeants goes to lift up her Veil.

Car. Hold Friend; Cozin, if it should be *Porcia*,
'Twere not fit to expose her here.

Cor. 'Tis very well consider'd, go you to her,
And speak to her in private.

[Carlos goes towards Flora.

Flo. 'Tis I Sir, *Flora*, who being commanded

By

The Adventures of Five Hours.

By my Lady-----

Carl. Speak softly prithee *Flora*, 'tis enough ;
I understand the rest, and pity her ;
Bid her sit still i'th' Chair, I'll do my best
To save her from the Fury of her Brother.

Flo. He thinks 'tis *Porcia* there, a good Mistake, } *Aside.*
It may secure *Ostasio* for the present
From the hands of this rude Rabble ; * Sit still,

* *To Ostasio in the Chaire.*

They take you for my Mistress Sir, I'll follow
The Chair, and have a watchful Eye on all
Occasions, that may further your Escape.

Car. We have found our wandring *Nymph*.

Cor. Is it *Porcia* her self ?

Car. No, 'tis her Woman *Flora* following
The Chair, wherein they were conveying her
To some other place.

Cor. We arriv'd luckily, had we but staid
A moment longer, they had all been fled.

Ser. Will you have us see, Sir, who's in the Chair ?

Cor. Forbear Fellow ! * Her own Folly's punishment
Enough t'a Woman of her Quality, } [* *To Carlos.*
Without our adding that of Publick Shame.

Carl. 'Twas luckily thought on, when you oblig'd
Don Henrique to expect us at your House ;
For had he come, and found his Sister thus,
'T had not been possible to have restrain'd
His Passion from some great Extravagance.

Cor. I could not think it fit to let him come ;
For one of such a Spirit could ne'r brook
The sight of those had done him these Affronts,
Without invading those strict Rules, which might
Render his Life obnoxious to the Laws.

'Tis

The Adventures of Five Hours.

'Tis better that a business of this nature,
(Chiefly twice Persons of such Quality)
Should rather be reduc'd by Mediation
(If it be possible) to some fair Agreement,
Than to a publique Trial by the Law;
Or, which is worse, some Barbarous Revenge.

Carl. This Fellow (if I am not much mistaken)
Is Don Othavio's Man. [Looking upon Diego.

Cor. Who do you belong too, Friend?

Die. To no body, Sir.

Cor. Do not you serve?

Die. Yes Sir, but my Master is not himself.

Cor. Take his Sword from him Serjeant.

Die. Diego disarm'd by any other hand

{ The Serjeant goes
to take away his
Sword.

Than by his own? know Friend, it is a Weapon
Of such dire Execution, that I dare not
Deliver it, but to the hands of Justice.

{ The Corrig'dor receives the Sword, and
gives it to one of his Serjeants.

Signior, pray call for it, when you come home,
And hang't up in your Hall, then under-write;
This is bold Diego's Sword; O may it be
Ever from Rust, as 'tis from Slaughter free.

Cor. Thou art a Fellow of a pleasant humour.

Die. Signior, I never pain my self for Love,
Or Fame, or Riches, nor do I pretend
To that great subtilty of Sense to Feel
Before I am Hurt, and for the most part
I keep my self out of Harms way.

Carl. The Definition of a Philosopher.

Cor. Come, leave your fooling in this, wher's your Master?

Die. I am afraid we are not to be parted.

Cor. Whom do you mean?

K

Die.

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Die. My Master, my Self, and the Fool your Worship
Mentions, for sure one that had any Wit
Would never serve a Lover Militant;
He had better wait upon a Mountebank,
And be run through the Body twice a week
To recommend his Balsom.

Cor. This Fellow's an Original.

Die. But of so ill a hand, I am not worth
The hanging up, Sir, in my Masters room,
Amongst the worst of your Collection.

Enter Serjeants with two Foot-men, and two Maid-servants.

Serj. An't please your Worship, we have search'd the House,
From th' Cellars to the Garrits, and these are all
The living Cattel we can find.

Cor. Friends take a special care of that same Varlet,
And the Waiting-woman; we'll find a way
To make them tell the Truth, I warrant you.

Flo. O *Diego*! must we be Prisoners together?

Die. Why, that's nor so bad as the Bands of Wedlock;
Flora.

Cor. Come, let's away; but whither to convey her
To her own House certainly were not fit,
Because of her incented Brother.

Car. If you approve it, Cozin, I'll carry her
To mine; for since we seek (if possible)
The business to compose, she will be there
With much more Decency, and Satisfaction,
And less expos'd to Censure of the World,
Being in a Kinsmans House, and having there
My Sister to accompany her.

Cor. This business cannot be in better hands,
Than yours; and there I'll leave it, and bid you

Good-

The Adventures of Five Hours.

Good-night.

Sancho To our Servant *Cozin*, I wish you well home.
[As the Corrigidor goes out.]

Cozin, you may be pleased to take your Serjeants
Along with you; there are without two Servants
Belonging to *Don Henrique*, they'll suffice
To guard your Prisoners, and with far less notice.

Cor. Come Serjeants, follow me.

Carl. Well, you may go about your business, Friends,
[To the Foot-men and Maids.]

I'll not be troubled with ye; I am glad
We did not find *Ossavio* here; though I
Might unaffected Ignorance pretend,
I would not bring him (though by chance) 't'his End.

[Exeunt Servants.]

San. Well, I am now sufficiently instructed,
And since there is no notice taken of me,
I'll fairly steal away, and give my Master
Account of this Misfortune. [Exit Sancho.]

Carl. Take up the Chair, and follow me.
[They take up the Chair.]

Die. A Lovely Dame they bear, 'tis true, she's something
Hairie, but that's a sign of Strength.

Carl. Make haste, I long to let *Don Henrique* know,
That his lost Sister is by my dexterity
Recovered; and I hope to find some means
To calm his Furie, and to repossess
My *Cozin Porcia*, and (if 't be possible)
Ossavio of his good Graces. Come away.

[The Chair is carried off.]

Dir. How like an *As* he'll look, when opening the Shell,
His Worship finds within so tough a Kernel.

[Exeunt omnes.]

The Adventures of Five Hours.

The Scene Changes to Don Antonio's Apartment in Don Henrique's House.

Enter Antonio and Porcia.

Ant. Madam, banish all your Fears, you are now Safe in this House; be pleas'd to remain here, Till I shall bring some Lights, and acquaint *Porcia* With th' Honor she receives in entertaining So fair a Guest.

Por. Who is't you say you will advertise Sir?

Ant. My Wife *Porcia*; have but a little patience, And she shall wait upon you. [*Exit Antonio.*]

Por. Is her name *Porcia* too? I pray Heaven send her A better Fate than her distressed Namesake.
O *Osavio*! O Love! how dear do you Cost me! where am I brought? what House is this? What with my Fears, and Darknes, I have lost All my measures; I can't so much as guess What Quarter of the Town it is w're in, For to avoid th' Encounter of my Brother, And his Revengeful Train, we have been forc'd To make so many Turnings, I am Giddy. But thanks to Providence I have this comfort, That I am in a place out of his reach.

Enter Antonio with two Lights, and sets them on the Table.

Ant. Madam, my Wife will presently attend you. Pardon I pray my absence for a moment.

[*Exit Antonio.*]

Por. Now I begin to hope my Sighes, and Tears, Have in some sort with the just Heavens prevail'd

The Adventures of Five Hours.

At length to free me----- * But what do I see !

[* Looking about her.

Am I awake, or is 'an Illusion?
Is not this my Brother's House ? Is not this
The Quarter joining to my own Apartment ?
There is no room for Doubt, and my Misfortunes
Are always Certain; Miserable Creature
That I should be thus Bandied up and down
From one Hazard to another, greater still.
Ah cruel Heavens ! what have I ever done
To deserve this lasting Persecution ?
But how came I here ? brought by *Ossavio's* friend,
Upon whose Virtue I did so rely
That I my Brothers Malice durst defy.
Can he betray me ? sure I am in a Dream.
But if *Ossavio*----- O vile Suspicion !
Ossavio false ? no, Truth and He are one.
'Tis possible his Friend may guilty be ;
But to what end so base a Treacherie :
And if Perfidious, how could he be his Friend.
I am confounded with the various forms
Of my Misfortunes, Heightned still the more,
The less I can their Hidden Cause explore.
This onely's evident, that I must flie
Immediately this fatal place ; But why
Struggle I thus with Fate ? since Go, or Stay,
Death seems alike to wait me every way. [She weeps.

Enter Antonio and Camilla.

Cam. I wonder much what Lady this can be
Antonio mentions. [Aside.

Ant. Pardon, my dearest Mistress, the Liberty
Which I so early take ; but I presume

Such

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Such is your Generous Tenderneſs to thoſe,
 Whoſe ſad Miſfortunes, not their Faults, have driven
 Into Diſtreſs, that you will think yourſelf
 Oblig'd to him, who gives you the opportunity
 To exerciſe thoſe Virtues which do Viſit
 Others, but Reſide with you; This fair Lady—
 But ſhe will beſt relate her own ſad Story;
 Whiſt I ſeek out *Don Henrique*, and engage him
 Both to Protect and Serve her with his Credit!

[Exit Antonio.]

*Upon Camilla's approach Porcia takes
 the Handkerchief from her Eyes.*

Cam. Ha! what's that I ſee? *Stay, ſtay.* *Antonio!*
 [She runs after Antonio.]

It is not fit *Don Henrique*— but he's gone,
 And we are loſt for ever.

Porc. O Heavens! is this the ſame Man
 To whom I am Betroth'd? then my Deſtruction
 Is inevitable.

Cam. Are you an Apparition? or are you
Porcia her ſelf? ſpeak, that when y^e have ſaid in thrice
 I may not yet believe you.

Por. You well may Doubt even what you ſee *Camilla*;
 Since my Diſaſters are ſo new, and ſtrange;
 They ſever Truth from Credibility.

Cam. How is it poſſible you ſhould be here?

Por. I know not how, only of this I am ſure;
 I have not long to expect the diſmal end
 Of my ſad Tragedy, ſince 'tis evident
 The Perſon that hath led me to this Place,
 This fatal Place, is the abus'd *Antonio*;
 Who with my Cruel Brother has conſpir'd
 To take away my wretched life, and choſe

This

The Adventures of Five Hours.

This Scene as fittest for their Cruelty.
And thus, strange Fate! (through Ignorance Betraid)
I have Protection sought from the same Partie,
Whom I have injur'd, and have made my Husband
Th'onely Confident of his own Affront:
Who to accomplish his too just Revenge,
As well upon my Family, as Person,
Gives me up to be Murder'd by my Brother.
So whilst I'm branded as a Faithless Bride,
He'll be detested as a Parricide.

Cam. Prodigious Accident! but wert thou blind
Not to know thine own House unhappy?

Por. Alas, how could I in so dark a Night,
In such Confusion, and so full of Fear,
Besides, he brought me in by the Back way,
Through his own Quarter, where was neither Light,
Nor any Creature of the Family.

Cam. Although I cannot comprehend the steps
Of this your strange Adventure, yet dear Cozin,
Your case (as I conceive) is not so desperate.

Por. "We easily persuade our selves to hope
"The things we wish; but Cozin, my condition
Will not admit Self-flattery, and what
Can you propose to temper my Despair?

Cam. Don't you remember, how this very Evening

Antonio's Man finding me in your Quarter
Without a Veil (you having put on mine)

That he appli'd himself to me; and I
By your command, your Person did assume?

Por. Yes very well.

Cam. The Master since has by the Man's Mistake
Been happily led into the same Error,
And I not abus'd him yet, in hopes

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It might produce Advantage to us both.

Por. Oh! he has spoken with my Brother since,
Who sure has Undeceived him long ere this.
No, without doubt they having found themselves
Affronted both, have both conspir'd my death.

Cam. How Cozin, can that be? if *Don Antonio*
In your Protection has engag'd himself;
And is *Osavio's* Friend.

Por. Cozin, if you impartially reflect
On the Affront which I have done *Antonio*,
You will not wonder much if he recede
From the scarce-trodden Path of rigid Honor
To meet with his Revenge; and to that end
Proceeds thus cautelously, and does feign
Not to know me, that he may disavow
Both to *Osavio*, and to all the world,
Th' Infamy of Betraying a poor Maid
To loss of Life and Honor.

Cam. Misfortunes make you rave; this vile Suspicion
Is inconsistent with *Antonio's* Fame:
You may as well believe that Nature will
Reverse the order of the whole Creation,
As that *Antonio*, a Man, whose Soul
Is of so strong, and perfect a Complexion
Should be defiled to such a slavish Sin.
And if we had the leisure, I could give you
Such reasons to convince you of your Error,
That you would easily acknowledge it.

Por. I had forgot her near concernments for *Aside*
Antonio. Pardon and Pity me *Camilla*;
My mind is by Afflictions made so Weak,
I'm ready to believe Impossibilities.

Cam. I Pity thee with all my heart; but *Cozin*.

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If *Antonio* not knowing you, nor your Relations, should chance to find your Brother, And him inform of what has pass'd, and that He has convey'd the distress'd Partie hither, He'l presently imagine it is you; And then (I fear) twill be impossible (Though he should interpose with all his power) To stop the Torrent, or divert his Rage From breaking in, and executing on us That horrid Parricide, which (though too late) It may be he himself would execrate.

Por. There's too much ground for what you fear *Camilla*: But if we could secure our selves this night, There were some hopes that we to morrow may Engage both *Don Antonio*, and your Brother To find out some Expedient to redeem me From this deplorable condition.

Cam. Were you onely in pain for your Security This night, I know an easie Remedy For that.

Por. Which way my Dearest?

Cam. Why what does hinder us from making use (On this occasion) of the secret Door, By which (you know) you have so often past Into our House (upon more pleasing Errands?) By this we shall these Benefits obtain: Of Safety from your Brothers present Fury, And time to try if *Carlos*, and *Antonio* May be engag'd to mediate in this Business, And I have cause to think you will not find *Antonio* so implacable, as you Imagine.

Por. I conceive you Cozin; Fool that I was,

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To think a Heart once Conquer'd by your Eyes
Should e'r become another Virgin's Prize.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. So late; a Guest in's House; that's come so far;
On such a Business; and not yet come home! *Aside.*
There's something in't I cannot comprehend.
I cannot, Madam, yet find out your Brother;
But sure 'twill not be long ere he return.
Then I'll acquaint him with the Accident
Has made his House this Ladie's Sanctuary.

Por. Here is a glimpse of comfort, for I see
He takes my Cozin for Don Henrique's Sister; *Aside.*
O blest'd Mistake so luckily continu'd!

Cam. I am by his permission Mistris here;
And since that I am pleas'd Sir, 'tis enough;
Without our troubling him with the Account
Of her sad Story.

Ant. Yes, Madam, as to th' Exculc, but 'twere fit
He knew it too, that we might serve our selves
Of his Credit in this Ladie's Protection.

Enter Henrique.

Henr. Though I did promise the Corrigidor
Not to stir from his House, till his return;
Yet I could not obtain it of my self;
I'm so impatient to unfold the Riddle
Of Don Antonio's seeing of my Sister,
And entertaining her in her own Lodgings;
I shall not now be long i' th' dark. * O Heavens!

'Tis she her self, and Camilla with her:
Were all my Servants mad, or all agreed

Tabuse

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T'abuse me, in affirming she was fled
But *Don Carlos*, was he mad too, to swear
That he had trac'd her to an other House
Certainly I, or they must be Possess'd
Or some Inchantment reigns within these Walls.

Ant. O here comes *Don Henrique*, I'll now acquaint him
With your sad Story *Madam*, now and on his story tell

Cam. I fear we are undone.

Ant. *Don Henrique*-----

Por. I'm dead if he proceed, but how to hinder him-----

Ant. Here's a Lady with your Sister *Porcia*-----

Hem. Yes, Sir, I see who 'tis.

Ant. Since you know her Sir, you will the eas'lier

Excuse my boldness;

Hem. Boldness, in what Sir?

Ant. To have been th' occasion of your finding her

Here, with your Sister, at this time of night,

Hem. Lord Sir, what do you mean?

Ant. Truly there was a Necessity in it,

Which will, I hope, excuse my Intercession

With you in her behalf.

Por. Now all comes out.

Hem. I understand you Sir, she does desire

To pass this night with *Porcia*, to assist her

In ordering her Nuptial Ceremonies;

Let her stay here a God's name.

Por. If he does not dissemble, my Condition
Is not so desperate as I imagin'd.

Ant. I hope you'll pardon this great Liberty;

So early a Confidence will need it, Sir.

Hem. 'Tis more than enough Sir, that you desire it;

Th' Occasion too does justify her stay.

Ant. 'Tis most true Sir, the Occasion did inforce me

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Thus boldly to presume upon your Friendship.

Henr. Ha' done for Heavens sake, is it a Novelty I will
Think you for *Porcia*, and her Cozins *Germin* had I
To pass a Night together?

Ant. Is the so near a Kinswoman of his? } not so
Strange Inadvertence in her not to tell me. }
Her relation to him, when I nam'd him first. } *Aside.*
I'd made fine work on't had I told him all.

Henr. She knows I owe her many a Good-turn.
[Looking on the Ladies.

Upon *Octavia's* score, and hope ere long
To be able to repay her to the full.

Por. Can he declare his mind in plainer terms?

Cam. I cannot tell which of us two he means,
But I begin to fear that he knows all.

Henr. Since 'tis so late, pray give the Ladies leave
To retire to their Chambers; Go in Sister.

Ant. My Brothers Words, and his Behaviour
Imply some Mystery; I must be silent } *Aside.*
Till I discover more.

Por. Let us be gone, w'are lost if we stay here;
I'm confident he counterfeits this Calm
To disguise his Revenge, until *Antonio*,
And the rest of the House are gone to Bed.

Cam. But we shall ne'r be able to get out
Whilst they continue in the outward Rooms.

Por. Yes, by the Garden-dore, but I'm afraid
'Tis shut.

Cam. No; now I think on't, *Flora* went that way,
And left it open.

Por. Come, let's be gone; I hope Heaven does ordain
Ease by that Door which first let in my Pain.

[Exit *Porcia* and *Camilla*.

Ant.

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Ant. I'll onely make a step Sir, to my Lodging,
And then return to you immediately.

Herr. Pray give me leave to wait on you.

Ant. I humbly thank you Sir, I know the way,
And shall not stay above a Moment from you.

Herr. Y^e are Master here, Sir.

Ant. I'll now go see whether my Servant *Sancho*
Has brought *Ottavio* to my Apartment,
As I directed him. [Exit Antonio.

Herr. Heavens! was there ever so strange a Mystery!

Don Carlos he affirm'd that those we fought with
Had convey'd *Porcia* away, and when I come

To seek her in the House I find her missing,

To second this, her Waiting-woman *Flora*

Tells me that she went down, about that time,

Into th' Garden; *Antonio*, not long after,

Affirms that he both saw, and entertain'd her

In her own Apartment, where I now find her,

And *Camilla* with her: What can this be?

These sure are Riddles to pose an *Oedipus*;

But if by my own Sense I am assur'd

My Honor's safe, which was so much in doubt,

What matter is it how 'tis brought about.

THE

The Adventures of Five Hours.

THE FIFTH ACT.

The SCENE is

DON CARLOS's House.

*Enter Diego, Flora, and Geraldo accompanying the Chair,
Grooping as 't the dark.*

Ger. **D**AME Flora, and Signior Diego, go in there.
And you my Friends, set down the Chair in the door.
And when the Party's enter'd, pull it to ;
'Twill lock of itself ; that done, you may be gone.
There's Money for you ; I'll go fetch a Candle.

*Exit Geraldo.
Diego, and Flora go in, and the Chair being
set in the door, Osavio goes out into
the room ; the Chair-men clap to the door,
and go away.*

Enter Osavio, Diego, Flora, at another door.

Os. What ! put in all alone here i' the dark !
And the door shut upon me ! *Diego, Flora.* { *Grooping as 't 'b' dark.*

Die. Here am I Sir, and Flora too, unless
My Sense of feeling fails me.

Os. I can't conjecture where we are ; I durst not
So much as peep out of the Chair, since Flora
Gave me the warning ; but where e'r I am,
'Tis better far than in the Serjeants hands.

Flo. Though now i'th' dark, I know well where we are :
I have too often walk'd the Streets, Osavio,

From

The Adventures of Five Hours.

If I must needs be slain, unless it were
Behind my back, I'd have it the dark;
For I hate to be kill'd in my own presence.

Os. What must we do *Flora*? all my hope's in you.

Fl. There is yet room for hope; there's a Back-stairs
Beyond that inner Chamber, that goes down
Into the Garden, if the doot happen;
As certainly it is, the way is safe.

Os. Come, let lose no time; prethee guide us *Flora*.

Exeunt.

The Scene changes to Don Henrique's Moufe.

Enter Don Henrique.

Henr. As well pleas'd as I am, to find my Honor
Lefs Desperate than I thought, I cannot rest
Till I have drawn from *Porcia* a Confession
Of the whole Truth, before she goes to bed;
She's in her Chamber now, unless by new
Enchantments carried thence.

As he's going towards Porcia's Chamber.

Enter Carlos in haste.

Carl. I can't imagine what should make *Don Henrique*
Quit the *Corrigidor* till we return'd;
One of his Servants tells me he's come home;
O here he is, now shall I raise a storm.

Aside. Which (if we do not take special care)
Will scarce b' allaid without a shower of Blood;
Yet I must because it so imports
Our Friendships, and the Honor of our House;
Happiness is a stranger to Mankind,
And like to a Forc'd Motion, it is ever

Strongest

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Strongest at the beginning, then Languishing
With time, grows weary of our company;
But to Misfortunes we so subject are,
That like to Natural motion they prove still
More Vigorous in their Progress.

Henr. What means this Philosophical Preamble?

Carl. You'll know too soon I fear.

Henr. *Don Carlos*, I am now so well recover'd
From all m' Inquietudes, that for the future
I dare defie the Malice of my Stars
To cause a new Relapse into Distemper.

Carl. Cozin, I'm so surpriz'd with this great change,
That my Confusion does suppress my Joy;
But since y'are so much Master of your Passions,
I'll spare my *Ethicks*, and proceed to give you
In short the Narrative of our Success;
The *Corrigidor* (as we did expect
Forward to serve you in th'Affair I mention'd)
Was pleas'd to go along with me in person,
With a strong Band of Serjeants, to the place,
Where I attended by your Servants led him:
Cozin, 'twas there; it wounds my heart to speak it;
And I conjure you summon all your Patience:
'Twas there I found-----

Henr. Whom Cozin did you find? for since I'm sure
You found not *Porcia* there; my Concernments
In your Discoveries are very unlikely
To discompose me.

Carl. I would to Heaven we had not found her there.

Henr. What's that you say, Cozin, my Sister there!

Carl. Yes Sir, your Sister.

Henr. My Sister! that's good i'faith: ha, ha, ha.

Carl. Why do you laugh? is the Dishonor of

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Your Family become a Laughing Matter ?

This is a worse Extreme me-thinks than t'other.

Hem. How can I choose but Laugh to see you Dream ;
Awake for Heavens sake ; and recall your Senses ;
Porcia there said you ?

Carl. Yes Sir, *Porcia* I say ; your Sister *Porcia* ;
And which is more, 'twas in *Octavio's* House.

Hem. Why sure y'are not in earnest, Cozin.

Carl. As sure as you're alive I found her there.

Hem. Then you transport me, Sir, beyond all patience :
Why Cozin, if she has been still at home,

Antonio seen, and entertain'd her here,

Accompani'd by *Camilla* ; if even now

I left them there within ; Is't possible

You should have found her in *Octavio's* House ?

To be here, and there too, at the same time ;

None sure but *Janus* with his double face

Can e'r unfold this Mystery.

Carl. Sir, let me advise you ; Abuse not your self :

I tell you positively I found her there :

And by the same Token, her Waiting-woman

Flora was there attending her.

Hem. *Flora* ! dear Cozin, do not still persist

Thus to affirm impossibilities.

Carl. Sure you are making some Experiment

Upon my Temper, and would fain provoke

My Patience to some such high Disorder,

That I should ne'r hereafter have the face

When you are in your Fits to play the *Stoick* :

Hem. Cozin, I swear to you upon my Honor

'Tis not above a quarter of an hour,

Since I did speak with *Porcia*, and your Sister

In that very Apartment, and am now

Returning

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Returning to them in my Sister's Chamber.

Carl. And Sir, I swear to you upon my Honor,
'Tis not above a quarter of an hour,
Since I left *Porcia* carried in a Chair
From *Don Osorio's* House, your man *Geraldo*
Conducting the Chair-men to mine, and follow'd
By *Flora*, whilst I came to find you out.
To acquaint you, Sir, with this unpleasant news.
But fit for you to know as soon might be.

Hem. This Question, *Gozin*, may be soon decided,
Pray come along, her Chamber's not far off.

Carl. And my House is but the next door, let's in.

Hem. You'll quickly find your Error.

Carl. And you'll as soon be Underserv'd; but stay,
Here comes your Servant, whom I left to Guard her;
He'll instantly convince you of the Truth.

Enter Geraldo.

Ger. O Sir, here is your Sister.

Hem. What brings you hither, *Geraldo*?

Ger. O Sir, I bring you such rare news, your Enemy,
Your Enemy *Osorio*— I'm out of breath.

Hem. What does the Varlet mean?

Ger. Sir, I suppose *Don Carlos* has inform'd you
That he left me to see your Sister *Porcia*,
With *Flora*, and *Diego Osorio's* Man
Safely convey'd this House.

Carl. See now *Don Henrique*, who was it the Right.

Ger. I did as he commanded me, and put them
All three into *Don Carlos's* Anti-chamber;
Porcia in the same Chair which brought her thither;
And for more safety made the door be lock'd;

Whilst

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Whilst I went down in haste to fetch a Light.

Henr. As sure as Death this Madness is Infectious;
My Man is now in one of *Carlos* Fits.

Ger. Returning with a Light a moment after,
No sooner open'd I the door, but Heavens!
Who should I see there standing just before me
In the same place where I left *Florida*, but
Othavio, your Enemy *Othavio*.

Henr. Here is some Witch-craft sure; what can this mean?

Ger. Amaz'd at th' sight, I let the Candle fall;
And clapt the door to; then I double-lock'd it;
And brought away the Key.

Carl. But how could he get in; if you be sure
You lock'd the door, when you went out for Lights?

Ger. I know not whether he was there before;
Or got in after, but of this I'm sure
That there I have him now, and safe enough.

Carl. I am sorry for it. [Aside.

Henr. Let's not, *Don Carlos*, now perplex our selves
With needless Circumstances, when? and how?
Those Queries are too ELEGMATICK for me;
If the Beast be i' th' Toil it is enough;
Let us go seize upon him; he must die.

Enter *Antonio*.

Ant. Good Brother, what unhappy Man is he,
Whom you so positively doom to death?
I have a Sword to serve you in all occasions
Worthy of you, and me.

Henr. His intervening, *Carlos*, is unlucky,
How shall we govern our selves towards him
In this Affair? so unfit for his knowledge?

Carl.

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Carl. Antonio is a Man of shining Honor ;
But having such a share in this Affront,
If once he know't, I am afraid he'll bring
Fuel, not Water to *Don Henrique's* Fire.

Aside.

Don Henrique, you must suddenly resolve [*To Henrique.*
What answer to return, he's not a Man
To be put off with any slight Pretences ;
Nor yet to be engag'd in such an Action,
As bears th'appearance rather of Cruelty ,
Than Honor, and you know, *Antonio* needs
No fresh Occasions to support his Name ;
" Who Dangers seek , are indigent of Fame.

Ant. I find my coming hath disorder'd them,
There's something they would fain conceal from me ; *Aside.*
All here is discompos'd, what er's the matter.

Carl. Perhaps 'twere better to suspend a while
The Execution of your just Revenge :
Time, and mature weighing of Circumstances ,
Never did harm in Actions of this Nature ;
Where one has still the Parry in his Power.

Henn. A Curse on your Tame Proposition *Carlos* !

Carl. " He, who the Rules of Temperance neglects,
" From a Good Cause may produce Vile Effects.

Henn. I doubt not of your kind Concurrence, Sir,

[*To Antonio.*

In all the near Concernments of a Person
Alli'd to you as I am ; but Noble Brother ,
It were against the Laws of Hospitality,
And Civil Prudence to engage a Guest
(Newly arriv'd after so long a Journey)
In an occasion , Sir, of Blood, and Hazard.

Ant. If such be the occasion, I must then
Acquaint you freely, that I wear a Sword ,

Which

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Which must not be excluded from your Service;
I'm sure you are too Noble t'employ yours
In any Cause not justifi'd by Honor;
But I confesse there are Affronts so great,
And heightned by such odious Circumstances,
As do release us from the usual Forms
Of Generous Revenge; and set us free
To tak't on any Advantage.

Hem. Though with Regret I see, Sir, I must yield
To your excess of Generosity;
This onely I shall say to satisfie
Your just Reflections; that my Resentments
Are grounded on Affronts of such a Nature,
That as nothing but the Offender's Life
Can e'r repair them; so as to the Forms
Of taking that Revenge; they can't admit
Of the least scruple.

Ant. Honor's my Standard; and 'tis true, that I
Had rather Fall, than Blush for Victory;
But you are such a Judge of Honor's Laws,
That 'twere Injurious to suspect your Cause.
Allow me, Sir, th'honor to lead the way.

Exit Antonio and Henrique.

Carl. If *Portia* be there too, (as I believe.)
'Twill prove, I fear, a fatal Tragedy;
But should she not be there; yet 'tis too much
For such a Heart as mine, through Ignorance
To have betray'd a Gentleman, though Faulty,
Into such Cruel hands; I must go with them;
But so resolv'd, as in this Bloody strife
I'll save my Honor, or I'll lose my Life.

[Exit Carlos.]

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The Scene changes to Carlos's House.

Enter Octavio, Diego, Flora with a Candle.

Flo. O the unluckiness! I vow t'you Sir,
I have scarce known that door e'r lock'd before.

Os. There's no Remedy *Flora*, I am now
At the Mercy of my Enemies.

Die. Having broken into another's Ground,
'Tis just i'faith, you should be put i' th' Pound.

Os. The Tide of my ill Fate is swoln so high,
'Twill not admit encrease of Miserie;
Since amongst all the Curses there is none
So wounds the Spirit, as Privation.

For 'tis not where we Lie, but whence we Fell,
The Loss of Heaven's the greatest Pain in Hell;

When I had sail'd the doubtful Course of Love,
Had safely gain'd my Port, and far above

My Hopes, the precious Treasure had secur'd,
For which so many Storms I had endur'd;

To be so soon from this great Blessing torn,
That's hard to say, if 'twere first Dead, or Born,

May doubtless seem such a transcendent Curse,
That even the Fates themselves could do no worse;

Yet this I bore with an erected face,

Since Fortune, not my Fault caus'd my Disgrace;

But now my Eyes unto the Earth are bent,

Conscious of meriting this Punishment,

For trusting a fond Maid's Officious Care,

My Life, and Honor's taken in this Snare;

And thus I perish on this unseen Shelf,

Pursu'd by Fate, and False unto my self.

Flora,

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Flora, when I am dead, be sure that you
These Tablets give to *Porcia*; there she'll find, { *He pulls out*
That to th' Extremest Moment of my Life *his Tablets.*
I constantly pursu'd those Noble Ways,
Which might Deserve her, though I could not Have her.
Give me the Candle.

*Octavio sets the Candle on a Table, and sits
down as to write in his Tablets.*

Die. A double Curse upon all Love in earnest,
All Constant Love; 'tis still accompani'd
With strange Disasters; or else ends in that
Which is the worst of all Disasters: Marriage.

Flo. Sure you could wish that every body living
Had such a Soul of Quick-silver, as yours,
That can fix no where.

Die. Why would not be the worse for you, dear *Flora*,
You then might hope in time to have your Turn,
As well as those, who have much better Faces.

Flo. You, I presume Sir, would be one o' th' latest
Which I should hear of, yet 'tis possible
That one might see you, before you should be welcom.

Die. She has Wit, and good Humors; excellent
Ingredients to pass away the time;
And I have kindness for her Person too,
But that will end with Marriage, and possibly
Her good Humor; for I have seldom known
The Husband, and the Wife make any Musick,
Though when asunder they can play their parts;
Well, friend *Diego*, I advise you to Look
Before you Leap, for if you should be Coupled
To a Yoak instead of a Yoak-fellow,
'Tis likely you may wear it to your Grave.
Yet, honest *Diego*, now I think on't better,

Your

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Your Dancing, and your Vaulting days are done, O, yet
Faith all your Pleasures are three Stories high,
There are come up to your Mouth, for you are now
For Ease, and Eating, th'only Joys of Life,
And there's no Cook, nor Drie-Nurse like a Wife.

[Flora over-hears him.]

F. o. I could find Reasons too for Matrimony

A Stale Maid is a horrible reproach,
I must confess it; and a Waiting-woman
Does onely change a Mistress for a Master;
I may quit her, 'tis true, but not my Husband
And on the other side she may quit me,
And turn me off, when bld, and good for nothing.
A Husband's bound to keep me still; In fine,
For ought I can perceive the Scales are Equal,
I may throw Cross and Pile, which Life I'd have
The Single Begger, or the Marri'd Slave;
But heark! the Door within, from whence we came
Is newly open'd, or my Ears deceive me.

Die. Methoughts I heard it too, let us peep in.

[They look into the next Room, and start back.]

O Sir, w're lost, I see two Female-Giants
Coming most terribly upon us.

O. Away you troublesome Fool,

Enter Camilla and Porcia, the one with a Key,
the other with a Candle.

Por. I'm confident no body saw us pass
From th'other House.

Cam. However, let's go through my Brother's Quarter,
And open the Back-door into the Street;
'Tis good in all Events to have a Retreat
More ways, than one.

N

Por.

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Por. O Heavens! our fire is cut off, the Wind Cloy
Has clapt the doors through which we came, by this
won't it be a door shut behind, and both lock back.

Cam. The Accident's unlucky, 'tis a Spring lock, that
That opens only on the other side.

Por. Let's on the faster, and make sure of the other.

Octavio here.

Octavio hearing them starts
narrow-presses up with the Tablets in's hand.

Of. Porcia in this place I may I trust my Senses,
Or does my Fancies create these Chimeras?

Die. Either we Sleep, and Dream extravagantly,
Or else the Fairies govern in this House.

[*Flora runs to Porcia.*

Flo. Ah! dearest Mistress, you shall never make me
Quit you so again.

Por. But can that be *Octavio*?

Of. I was *Octavio*; but I am at present
So much astonish'd, I am not my self.

Cam. What can the meaning of this Vision be?

[*Octavio approaches Porcia.*

Of. My dearest *Porcia*, how is't possible
To find you in this place, noble *Antonio*
Having so generously undertaken
Your protection?

Por. Did he not yours so too? and yet I find
Octavio here, where he is more expos'd

Than I; to sure destruction; I am loath
To say 'tis he, who has Betraid us both.

Of. *Antonio* false? it is impossible.

Die. It is too evident.

Of. Peace Slave; he is my Friend, of Noble Blood,
Whole Fame's above the Level of those Tongues,

That

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That Bark by Custom at the brightest Virtues,
As Dogs do at the Moon.

Por. How hard it is for Virtue to suspect!
Ah *Osorio*! we have been both deceiv'd;

This vile *Antonio* is the very Man,

To whom my Brother without my Consent,
Or Knowledge has Contracted me in Flanders,

Os. *Antonio* the Man to whom y^e are Contracted,
Porcia the Bride whom he is come to Marry?

Por. The very same.

Os. Why did you not acquaint me with it sooner?

Por. Alas, I have not seen you since I knew it; I am so
But those Few hours such Wonders have produc'd,

As surpass all Belief, and do require
More time, than your unsafe Condition here

Will allow us to make you understand it.

Cam. Dear Friends, I cannot blame your Apprehensions,
Nor your Suspicion of *Antonio's* Friendship:

But I am so possess'd with the Opinion

Of his great Virtue, that I shall as soon

Believe Impossibilities, as his

Apostacie from Honour.

Os. What's her Concernment in *Antonio*, *Porcia*?

Por. O, that's the strangest part of our sad Story,
And which requires most time to tell you.

A Blaze of Light appears in the
Window, and a noise within.

Por. Sec, *Flora*, at the Window, what's that Light,
And Noise we hear.

Flora goes to the Window.

Flo. O Madam! we are all undone, I see
Henrique, *Carlos*, and their Servants with Torches

All coming hither, and which is wonderful,

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Antonio leading them with his Sword drawn.

Cam. Thou dream'st, distracted Wench; Antonio false &
It is impossible.

Camilla runs to the window,
and turning back says,

All she has said is in appearance true;
There's sure some hidden Mystery which thus
Abuses us; for I shall ne'r believe

Antonio can transgress the Rules of Friendship.

Of. Friendship's an Empty Name, made to Deceive
Those, whose Good Nature tempts them to believe;
There's no such thing on Earth, the best that we
Can hope for here is faint Neutrality.

Por. Ye Powers above! what pleasure can ye take
To Persecute Submitting Innocence?

Of. Retire, dear Porcia, to that inner Room;
For should thy cruel Brother find thee here,
He's so revolted from Humanity,
He'll mingle thine, with my Impurer Blood.

Por. That were a kind of Contract; let him come;
We'll meet at once Marriage, and Martyrdom.

Of. Soul of my Life retire.

Por. I will not leave you.

Of. Thou preserv'st me by saving of thy self;
For they can murder only half of me,
Whilst that my better part survives in thee.

Por. I will die too, Orazio, to maintain,
That different Causes form the same Effects;
'Tis Courage in you Men, Love in our Sex.

[Orazio takes hold of her to lead her away.]

Of. Help me Camilla.

Cam. You must be rul'd, your Presence will increase
Your Brother's Fury, and Orazio's Danger.

Por.

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Por. That Argument is Irrefutable. ; 01080 LloH .144

Die. Nay if you are at that the Devil take
The hindmost : 'tis for your sake, dearest *Flora*,
[Taking *Flora* by the hand.

Die. Nay if you are afraid the Devil take
The hindmost ; 'tis for your sake, dearest *Flora*,
I'll take *Flora* by the hand.

I thus these Honorable Occasions
Having no Weapon, Sir, 'tis fit that I draw
March off with th' Baggage: *Flora, enters*
David.

There's but one step to Immortality,
 And though my cruel fortune has allow'd me
 No other Witnes of my Tragick end,
 But my Inhumane Murthress; yet my Death
 Shall not Disgrace either my Life, or Honour;
 To th' other World this Honour I will bring
 That as I still have Liv'd, and Lov'd so long
 Encounter Death with the same Constancy

Enter Antonio, Henrique, Carlos, and Geraldo, with their
swords drawn, [Antonio before the rest.]

Ans. Where is the Man whose Insolence and Folly
Has thus misled him to affront my Friends?

OF. Here is the Man thou seek'st, and be, whom thou
So basely haft Betray'd.

Ant. Oh Heavens ! what is I feel it is Othello
My Friend.

Of. Not thy Friend, *Antony*; but one of *Caesar's* much
Who by thy Perfidie has been betray'd. A ym words of bluntness

To this forlorne Condition, but vile Man,
Thou now must pay thy Treachery with thy Life:

Ant.

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Ant. Hold *Octavio* ; though thy Injurious Error
May transpost thee, it shall not me beyond
The Bounds of Honor : Heaven knows I thought
Of nothing less, than what I find, *Octavio*
In this place.

Hen. What pause is this, *Antonio* ? all your Fervour
In the Concessments of your Friend, reduced
To a tame Pity with our Enmity :
Do all the Promises, you have made to me,
To assist my just Revenge, conclude in this ?

Oct. Do all the Promises you have made to me,
To assist my virtuous Love, conclude in this ?

Hen. Where is your wonted Bravery ? where your Kindness
To such a near Allie ?

Oct. Where is your former Honor ? where your Firmness
To such an ancient Friend ?

Ant. What counsel shall my Distracted Honor seek
Aside. Betwixt these equally opposite Engagements ?

Hen. What, dost thou still say then, I'll right my self.
Henrique makes at Octavio, Antonio wraps on Octavio's side.

Ant. What strokes *Octavio* must pass through me.

Cal. I must lay hold on this Occasion.
Aside. Good Cozin, I conjure you to restrain

Your Passion for a while, there does lie hid
Some Mystery in this, which once unfolded
May possibly produce the Means of making
That Reconcilable, which now seems Desperate.

Hen. Sweetly proposed, Sir, an Accommodation ?
Think'st thou my Anger like a Fire of Straw
Onely to Blaze, and then expire in Smoke ?
Think'st thou I can forgive my Name, and Nation
And Barter for Revenge, when Honor Bleeds ?

His

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His Life must pay this Insolence or mine.

[He enters as Octavius meets Antonio.]

Ant. Mine must protect his, or he perish with him.

Heur. Since neither Faith, nor Friendship can prevail.

'Tis time to try what proof you're of.

Against your own near Interest, know, that Man

Whom you protect against my just Revenge,

Has seconded his Insolence to me.

By foul Attempts upon my Sister's Honor.

Your Porcia's Sir, if this will not enflame you.

[Porcia enters.]

Por. This Injury's beyond all Sufferance.

Carl. To what excess of Folly does our Rage

Transport us Men! this most Important Secret

Which Tortures could not have made him discover,

He (only to advance his blind Revenge)

Has now unforc'd declared to that Person

From whom, of all men living, he ought most

To have conceal'd it.

Or. How! Latch up your Sister's Honor

The Parent of your black Designs, the Devil,

Did ne'r invent a more malicious Falshood;

'Tis true, that I have serv'd the Virtuous Porcia,

With such Devotion, and such Spotless Love,

That, though unworthy, yet she has thought fit

To recompence my Passion with Esteem

By which, she has so chain'd me to her Service,

That here I vow either to Live her Prize,

Or if I die, to fall her Loves Sacrifice.

Ant. O Heavens! what's that I hear! thou blessed Angel

Guardian of Honor, I do now implore

Thy powerful assistance to preserve

That Reputation, which I hitherto

By

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By Virtuous Actions have maintain'd unblemish'd; And I still
In vain; Do *Henrique*, you design to change []
My Resolutions; It must ne'r be said; for I am still the same
That Passion made; *Must* I recede; I cannot; I will stand
From the strict Rules of Honor; Sir, I tell you,
Nothing can make me violate my first
Engagement.

Herr. Nay, then thou shalt Die too; Perfidious Man;

Ho! *Geraldo*, *Pedro*, *Leonido*.

Enter Geraldo, *Pedro*, *Leonido*, with their Swords drawn,
and joyne with *Henrique*; *Carlos* interposes.

Carl. For Heaven's sake, *Cozin*, draw not on your self
The horrid Infamy of Assassinating
Persons of Noble blood by Service Hands.

Herr. Do you Defend them too? Kill 'em I say.

Ant. Retire *Osorio*; I'll sustain their Shock.

Os. *Osorio* retire; I'll sustain their Shock.

Ant. Trust me you must, they will surround us else;
Through this narrow Passage they'll Assault us
With less advantage.

They retire fighting off the Stage; *Henrique*

and his Men pursuing them; and *Carlos*

endeavouring to stop *Don Henrique*.

Herr. What do you give back; ye Men of mighty Fame?

Ant. *Don Henrique*; you shall quickly find his Honor;

Not Fear makes me retire. [Exit *Ant.*]

Enter presently Antonio and Osorio at another door.

which *Antonio* holds.

Ant. Now we shall have a breathing while at least

Osorio, and time to look about us;

Pray see yon other door be fast.

Osorio

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*Octavio steps to the door where they went out, and
Henrique bounces at the door they came in at.*

Hem. Geraldo, fetch an Iron Bar to force [within.
The door.

[*Camilla and Porcia peep out:*

Cam. Heaven has heard our Prayers; th'are both safe here.

Por. Let's go to 'em *Camilla*.

Cam. 'Tis better to stay here a while, and hearken
What Resolution of themselves they take.

[*Antonio goes to both the doors to see if they be fast.*

Ant. So, 'tis now as I could wish.

Off. What do you mean, Generous *Antonio*?

Ant. To Kill thee now my Self, having perform'd
What Pre-engagement did exact from me
In your Defence 'gainst Others; my Love now
Requires its Dues, as Honor has had his;
There's no Protection for you from my Sword,
But in your Own, or in your frank renouncing
All Claim to *Porcia*; She is so much mine,
That none must Breathe, and have the Vanity
Of a Pretender to her whilst I Live.

Off. My Claims to *Porcia* I shall ne'r renounce;
But still assert them by all noble ways:
Yet, Sir, this hand shall never use a Sword
(Without the last Compulsion) 'gainst that Man,
Who has so much Oblig'd me; no *Antonio*,
You are securely Guarded by the Favours,
You have conferr'd upon me.

Ant. Sir, let not your pretended Gratitude
Enervate your Defence; 'tis not my custom
To serve my Friends with Prospects of Return;
I therefore, Sir, do freely here acquire you
From all the Obligations, you are pleas'd

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To own from me.

Os. You may, Sir, if you please, forbear to add
New Favours to my account; but you can never
Subtract those, which are past; and till that Debt
Be fully paid, I shall not dare t' appear
T' th' Lifts against so Generous a Creditor.

Ant. Your Scruples are ill grounded; 'twas *Osavio*
(My antient Friend) whom I design'd to Serve;
Not that Disloyal Man, who has invaded
My Honor, and my Love; "'Tis the Intent
"Creates the Obligation, not th' Event.

Os. I call those Powers, who both Discern, and Punish,
To witness for me, that I never knew
You e'r pretended to *Don Henrique's* Sister,
Before I came within these fatal Walls:
This I declare, onely to clear my self
From th' Imputation of Disloyalty,
And to prevent the Progress of your Error.

Ant. How can I think you should speak Truth to me,
Who am a Witness y' have been False to her,
To whom, you now profess so high Devotion.

Os. I false to *Porcia*! take heed, *Antonio*,
So foul an Injury provokes too much;
But, Sir, I must confess I owe you more,
Than the Forgivness of one gross Mistake.

Ant. Rare Impudence! I must not trust my Senses.

Os. If we cannot adjust this Competition
Let us our Fortunes, not our Passions change
With this our breach of Friendship.

Ant. Leave your Discourses, and Defend your self;
Either immediately Renounce all Claims
To *Porcia*; or this must speak the rest.

Os. Nay, then, this must Reply.

{ *Shaking his*
Sword.
[*They fight,*
They

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{ They without bounce at the door,
as if they were breaking it open.

Por. Why do I doubt? there is no means to save him
From the present danger, but by another,
Perhaps as great, but something more remote;
I'll do't.

{ whilst they fight, Porcia breaks from Camilla,
and unbolts the door, then runs back into her place.

Enter Henrique, Carlos, Leonido, Geraldo,
with their Swords drawn.

Hen. What's this! *Antonio* fighting with *Ostasio*!
This Bravery is excessive, Gallant Friend;
Not to allow a share in your Revenge
T' him, who's most concern'd; he must not die
Without some Marks of mine.

{ Henrique makes at Ostasio, and Antonio
turns to Ostasio's side.

Ant. Nay, then my Honor you invade anew,
And by Assaulting him, Revive in me
My Pre-engagements of Protecting him
Against all others.

Hen. Why were not you *Antonio* fighting with him?
Were you not doing all you could to Kill him?

Ant. Henrique, 'tis true; but finding in my breast
An equal strife 'twixt Honor, and Revenge;
I do in just compliance with them both
Preserve him from your Rage, to Fall by mine.

Carl. Brave Man, how Nicely he does Honor weigh!
Justice her self holds not the Scales more Even.

Hen. My Honor suffers more as yet than yours,
And I must have my share in the Revenge;
Either he must renounce all Claims to *Porcia*,

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Or Die immediately.

Ant. It is agreed : that he must Doe, or Die :
But by no other hand , than mine.

Oct. Cease your Contention, and turn all your Swords
Against this Breast ; whilst *Porcia* and I have breath ,
She must be mine , there's no Divorce but Death.

Henr. I'll hear no more, protect him if thou canst
Antonio. Kill the Slave, kill him, I say.

{ *Henrique makes at him, and Carlos
endeavours to interpose.*

Carl. For Heaven's sake hold a Moment ; certainly
There's some Mistake lies hidden here, which clear'd ,
Might hinder these Extremes.

{ *Henrique and his Servants press
Antonio and Octavio.*

Cam. These Errors must be clear'd, before they grow
Too fatal, but I fear your Brother's fury
Will not admit of Reason.

Por. I'm sure I'll try, though it should cost my life.

Enter Porcia and Camilla from the Inner Room.

Por. Don Henrique.

Cam. Antonio, Carlos.

Por. Octavio.

Camilla and
Porcia to- } Hear us but speak.
gether.

Henr. Ha ! how came she here ?

Carl. Did not I tell you that she was brought hither
By my Directions ? you would not believe me.

Henr. But how then could *Octavio* come hither ?

Carl. Nay, that Heaven knows ; you heard as well as I
Your Man's Relation.

Henr.

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Henr. Ah thou vile Woman! that I could destroy
Thy Memory with thy Life.

[*He offers to run at Porcia, Antonio interposes.*]

Ant. Hold, Sir, that must not be.

Henr. What may not I do Justice upon her
Neither?

Ant. No Sir; although I have not yet the Honor
To know who she 's, I have this night engag'd
My self, both to Secure, and Serve her.

Carl. He knows not *Porcia*; who was i' the right
Don Henrique, You, or I?

Henr. He not know *Porcia*? whom not an hour since
I saw, and spoke with, entertaining her
In his Apartment; sure we are Enchanted,
And all we see's Illusion.

Cam. Allow me, *Henrique*, to dispell these Charms;
Who is't, *Ostasio*, you pretend to? Speak.

Os. You might have spar'd that Question; since none
Knows so well as you, 'Tis *Porcia* I adore.

Ant. *Porcia*'s my Wife; Disloyal Man thou Di'st.

[*Offers to make at Ostasio.*]

Cam. Hold Sir; which is the *Porcia* you claim too?

Ant. Can you be'n doubt of that? you know too well
The Conquest, that you made so long ago
Of my surprized heart in *Flanders*.

Carl. Conquest! Surpris'd! *Flanders*! what can this mean?

Henr. New Riddles every moment do arise,
And Mysteries are born of Mysteries.

Cam. Thanks be to Heaven, our work draws near an end;
Cozin, it belongs to you to finish it.

Por. To free you from that Labyrinth, *Antonio*,
In which a slight Mistake, not Rectifi'd,
Has involv'd us all; know, th'suppos'd *Porcia*,

Whom

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Whom you so long have lov'd, 's the true *Camilla*.

Cam. And you, *Don Henrique*, know, *Octavio*
Has always been your Sister's faithful Lover ;
And onely Feign'd a Gallantry to me ,
His real Passion to Disguise from you.

} *Octavio and Antonio run to one another and embrace.*

Ant. Generous *Octavio*.

Oct. Brave *Antonio*, how happy are we both !
Both in our Loves, and Friendships !

Ant. Man's Joys do ne'r to their Perfection rise,
Till when by Crosses heightned, they surprize.

} *Camilla takes Antonio by the hand and leads him to Don Carlos.*

Cam. This, my dear Brother, is that brave Commander,
To whom you owe your Life, and Liberty ;
And I much more, the safety of my Honor.

Carl. Is this the Gallant Leader, who rescu'd us
With so much Valour from th'Enemy's hands ?

Cam. The very same.

Carl. If you knew him so well, why did not you
Acquaint me with it sooner ? 'twas a fault
Camilla.

Cam. Alas, my dearest Brother, Gratitude { *Drawing Carlos aside.*
Conspiring with the Graces of his Person ,
So soon possess'd him of my Heart, that I
Despairing e'r again to see him ; and
Asham'd of such a Visionary Love ,
Durst never trust my Tongue with my own Thoughts.

} *Don Carlos presents Camilla to Antonio.*

Carl. 'Tis enough.

Take here from me the Hand of her, whose Heart

Heaven,

The Adventures of Five Hours.

Heaven, and your Merits have long since made yours
Without my Knowledge ; may her Virtue pay
Some part of that, which we both owe to yours.

{ Antonio takes Porcia's hand, and
kisses it with great respect.

Ant. Here with your leave, and hers I seal the Vows
Of my Eternal Faith unto you both.

Carl. But let's take heed, *Antonio*, lest whilst we
Are Joying in our mutual Happiness,
Don Henrique's scarcely yet compos'd Distemper
Revive not, and Disorder us afresh :
I like not his Grim Posture ; you know well
After a Tempest, though the Wind be laid,
There often does remain for a good while
A dangerous Agitation of the Waves ;
He must not yet be trusted with himself.

Ant. 'Tis well thought on, let us go to him.

{ Octavio holding Porcia by the hand
advances towards Henrique.

Oct. Here with Respect we wait the Confirmation
Of Heaven's Decrees from your Indulgence, Sir.
This Lady, your Incomparable Sister,
Can witness that I never did invade
Your Passion for *Camilla* ; and *Pedro's* death
Happen'd by your mistaken Jealousie ;
The Causes of your Hate being now remov'd,
'Tis just, *Don Henrique*, the Effects should cease.

Henr. I shall consult my Honor.

Carl. You cannot take a better Counsellor
In this Case, than you Own, and Sister's Honor ;
What, to secure them both, could have been wish'd
Beyond what Fate hath of it self produc'd ?

Henr. "How hard it is to Act upon Constraint.

That,

The Adventures of Five Hours.

That, which I could have Wish'd, I now would Flie;
Since 'tis obtruded by Necessity.

Ant. Noble *Don Henrique*, make account of me
To be as truly yours by this Alliance,
As if a Brother's Name subsisted still.

Henr. I must consent, I see, or worse will follow. [*Aside.*
"He is a Fool who thinks by Force, or Skill
"To turn the Current of a Woman's Will.
Since fair *Camilla* is *Antonio's* Lot,
I *Porcia* yield to *Don Antonio's* Friend.
Our Strength, and Wisdom must submit to Fate.
Strip of my Love, I will put off my Hate.

{ *Henrique takes Porcia by the hand*
{ *and gives her to Octavio.*

Here, take her hand; and may she make you, Sir,
Happier, than she has done me.

[*They all embrace, but Henrique coldly.*

Enter Diego and Flora from the inner Room.

Flo. Had such Disorders e'r such a Come-off?
Me-thinks 'twould make a Rare Plot for a Play.

Die. Faith *Flora*, I should have the worst of that;
For by the Law of Comedy 'twould be
My Lot to Marry you.

Oct. Well thought on, *Diego*, though spoken in Jest;
We cannot do, I think, a better thing
In Earnest, than to make them Two Joyn Hands.
What say'st thou to it, *Flora*?

Flo. Indeed I have had so many Frights this night,
That I am e'n afraid to lie alone.

[*Diego takes her by the hand.*

Die. Give me thy Hand *Flora*, it is a Bargain;
I promise thee, dear Spouse, I'll do my best

To

The Adventures of Five Hours.

To make thee first Repent this Earnest Jest.

Flo. That time shall trie.

Carl. Since this last happy Scene is in my House,
You'll make Collation with me e're we part?

Ant. { Agreed, agreed, agreed.

Off. }

Die. Sir, you had best make haste, else what you call
Collation, may prove a Breakfast, for 'tis
Near twelve a Clock.

Ant. Thus end the Rare Adventures of Five Hours;
As sometimes Boisterous Storms in Gentle Showrs.

THE EPILOGUE.

Diego comes stealing in, and is follow'd by *Henrique*, who
stays at the Door, and Listens.

Die. Come Gentlemen!

C Let the Dons and Monsieurs say what they will;
For our parts, we are for Old England still.

Here's a fine Play indeed, to lay the Scene
In three Houses of the same Town, O mean!

Why we have several Plays, where I desire

Th^t Devil to tell where the Scene does lie:

Sometimes in Greece, and then they make a step
To Transilvania, thence at one Leap

To Greece again: this shows a ranging Brain,
Which scorns to be confin'd i' a Town in Spain.

P

Then

The Adventures of Five Hours.

Then for the Plot;

*The possible Adventures of Five Hours;
A copious Design, why' in some of ours
Many of th' Adventures are impossible,
Or if to be achiev'd, no Man can tell
Within what time; this shows a rare Invention,
When the Design's above your Comprehension:
Whil'st here y' are treated with a Romance Tale,
And a Plot cover'd with a Spanish Veil.*

As for the Style;

*It is as easie as a Proclamation,
As if the Play were Pen'd for th' whole Nation.
None of those thundering Lines, which use to crack
Our Breaths; and set your Wits upon the Rack.
Who can admire this Piece, or think it good?
There's not one Line, but may be understood.*

The Raillery;

*As innocent, as if't had past the Test
Of a full Synod: not one Baudy Feast;
Nor any of those Words of Double Sense,
Which makes th' Ladies, to show their Innocence,
Loak so Demure; whil'st by a simp'ring Smile,
The Gallant shows he understands the Style.
But here you have a Piece so subtly writ,
Men must have wit themselves to find the wit:
Faith that's too much; therefore by my consent,
We'l Damn the Play.*

Henr. Think'st thou, Impertinent,
That these, who know the Pangs of bringing forth
A Living Scene, should e'r destroy this Birth?
Tou we'r can want such Writers, who aspire
To please the Judges of that Upper Tire.

§ Pointing to
the Pl.

The

The Adventures of Five Hours.

*The Knowing are his Peers, and for the rest
Of the Illiterate Crowd (though finely drest)
The Author hopes, he never gave them cause
To think, he'd waste his Time for their Applause.
You then (most equal Judges) freely give
Your Votes, whether this Play should Die, or Live.*

THE EPILOGUE AT COURT.

W' Have pass'd the Lords, and Commons; and are come
At length, Dread Sir, to hear your Final Doom.
'Tis true, Your Vassals, Sir, may Vote the Laws,
Their Sanction comes from Your Divine Applause.
This Shining Circle then will all sit Mute,
Till one pronounce from you, Le Roy le Veut.

FINIS.
